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MOUNT ALLEGRO by Jerre Mangione

gaiety, drama, rollicking humor — all rolled into one



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Articles

Post-War Wonderland	HOWARD WHITMAN	3
Parties Go Global	MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE	10
Grow Your Own Capital	SIGMUND SAMETH	15
Artist of Seeing	IRVING WALLACE	22
Beveridge: Practical Utopian	MICHAEL EVANS	31
A Boy Scout Call to Arms	PRISCILLA JAQUITH	39
Etiquette in Khaki	RUTH MOORE	45
Scoops Are Out	CHARLOTTE PAUL	50
Bataan Patrol	COLONEL CARLOS P. ROMULO	71
Bridge Across Absence	HAROLD M. SHERMAN	76
Volunteers for Humanity	BARBARA HEGGIE	87
Home of the Zombie	HANNIBAL COONS	91
Tell It to the Boss	MABEL RAEF PUTNAM	117
Languages on Short Order	MADELEINE BRENNAN	121
New Hope for Fire Victims	WILLIAM F. MC DERMOTT	127
Ersatz, Incorporated	CURT RIESS	132
How Musical Are You?	DORON K. ANTRIM	150

Features

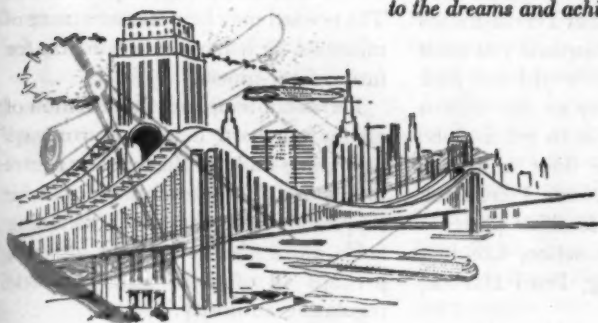
The Best I Know		8
Forgotten Mysteries	R. DE WITT MILLER	20
Not of Our Species		37
Not in the Script	F. BEVERLY KELLEY	44
Europe Underground: <i>Picture Story</i>	ALVIN STEINKOPF	55
Writers of War Songs:		
<i>Portfolio of Personalities</i>	ELLSWORTH NEWCOMB	81
Carroll's Corner		90
The Gallery of Photographs		95
On the V-Shift	LAWRENCE GALTON	125
My Crew at Pearl Harbor: <i>Special Feature</i>		
	JOSEPH K. TAUSSIG	137
The Hunchback of Dirkshaven	FRED FRISCH	154
Coronet Game Book Section		155
Mount Allegro: <i>Coronet Bookette</i>	JERRE MANGIONE	161
Should Teen-Agers Be Allowed To Vote?		
<i>Coronet Round Table</i>	JOHN KIERAN	179



Cover Girl

Needless to say, it is Eugenia "Jinx" Falkenburg, 22-year old queen of all cover girls, who brightens Coronet's cover this month. For her vibrant good looks, her devotees claim for her the title "most typical American girl." Truth is, Jinx was born in Barcelona, Spain, and raised in Chile. She's the girl whose face has beamed at you from at least 60 magazine covers; and a movie starlet soon to be seen in *Cover Girl*. Paul Garrison gets credit for this picture

Take a bird's eye view of the latest futurama
for the post-war world—a tribute
to the dreams and achievements of all men



Post-War Wonderland

by HOWARD WHITMAN

WHEN THE WAR is won, we will have a world to remake. What will the seven wonders of this new world be?

The ancient world had its Pyramids, Sphinx, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Temple of Diana, Colossus of Rhodes, Great Wall of China and Tower of Babel. How will we be able to match them?

Vice President Wallace has suggested Wonder No. 1, an International Highway to zoom from the south-most tip of South America, through the United States, through Canada and Alaska, hopping the Bering Strait to Siberia and thence deep into the Far East and on to Europe.

Already the Army, in a nine-months' miracle, has forged through 1,600 miles of frozen swamp and primeval wasteland to build the great, strategic Alcan Highway through Canada and Alaska. Linked with ex-

isting highways, it leaves few gaps in the long-planned Pan-American Highway stretching from Buenos Aires to Fairbanks, Alaska.

Both Wallace and Alaskan Delegate Anthony J. Dimond see this gigantic artery as but a starter. The eventual goal is a world highway system, linked and unified as the veins in the human body. Its vital nexus, the bridging of the Bering Strait either by causeway or by tunnel, is an idea which daring men have toyed with for a generation.

Today engineers speak of ramifying the world highway by blasting tunnels beneath the English Channel and the Kattegat, thus tying in Great Britain and Scandinavia.

Wonder No. 2—a North Pole cross-roads of the world—was suggested by Hugh Ferriss, New York architect, from whose drawing board have sprung a dozen skyscrapers, including the

original renderings for the Empire State Building.

To understand what Ferriss means by a North Pole crossroads you must get up on top of the world and look down. A simple way to accomplish this in your parlor is to get a globe map, set it on the floor and look right down on the North Pole. Look carefully. Pick out familiar places—New York, San Francisco, London, Moscow, Chungking, Pearl Harbor, Chicago, Oslo.

Surprised? Well, you can't lick geography. The shortest route from New York to Chungking, from Moscow to San Francisco, and from London to Pearl Harbor is the route which zooms over the North Pole neighborhood. Study the globe again. See what a huge preponderance of the earth's land surface lies well above the equator. See how top-heavy the earth really is.

Now it is easy to see how Ferriss reached his conclusion. Instead of the wasteful, old-fashioned process of getting from place to place by following the earth's girth, the airplane makes it possible to take a convenient shortcut over the top.

We already have planes that "fly above the weather," thus allaying our fears of far northern tempests. But actually, how rigorous is North Pole weather? So far, meteorological data is incomplete. But some explorers have debunked our ideas that the polar regions are uninhabitable. Viljalmur Stefansson tells us the pole is not half bad; he thinks it has possibilities.

And once the pole becomes an

aerial crossroads, it will not be long before civilization edges up toward it. The reward may be a treasure trove of minerals, or it may be a bonanza for future forty-niners.

Ferriss contemplates the retention of all far northern fields and runways now being built for the ferrying routes to Europe. These eventually will be supplemented by thousands of landing fields along the new world airways, perhaps all of them under a single regulating authority.

WHAT ABOUT RAILROAD trains? Do they evaporate completely in the face of the air age?

Let's consider Wonder No. 3. It's the old railroad train in essence, but you'd never recognize it. Walter Dorwin Teague, one of the nation's foremost modern designers, sketched it out as he sat at his desk in New York. It is a 250-mile-an-hour train without rails.

"One day," said Teague, "the railroads will realize that their most valuable assets are their rights-of-way. They'll rip up the tracks and pave the roadbeds with concrete, to accommodate rubber-tired, Diesel-engined trains."

The concrete "track," as Teague explained it, would be a trough with low sloping walls on each side. In addition to having regular wheels, the train would have side wheels to run along the walls of the trough, thus eliminating steering. There would be breaks in the trough at fixed intervals, so that any one or more of the individually powered cars could be

*Suez
Shantage
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switched off to a main highway to proceed under its own steering direct to its destination.

Automobiles, too, are apparently destined to survive, though only after a severe metamorphosis. Henry J. Kaiser, the Merlin of production, predicts the post-war auto will have its motor in the rear, weigh half as much as present cars, perhaps be made of plastics or plywood and get 50 miles to a gallon of high octane gas.

Wonder No. 4 calls for harnessing the elements. For years engineers have looked up at the sun, realizing that it is an unlimited source of power, and wondered if it was possible to tap that power directly.

Trail-blazers have already harnessed the sun's heat, but only experimentally. Teague and others believe that the post-war world may crack the hard nut of sun power on a big scale. The Libyan desert, with its brutally strong sun, would be an ideal locale for a string of sun power plants. Untold energy is expended upon it every 24 hours. By harnessing just a fraction of it, by means of sun-heat converted into power, post-war builders could really do a job.

Engineers of daring vision have even proposed man-made weather for certain portions of the globe. An amazing project has been worked out for the port of Vladivostok and surrounding areas of far eastern Siberia. It consists of building a mammoth breakwater eastward from the Kamchatka peninsula, thus restraining the frigid currents of the Bering Sea. If

these currents were stemmed, the tepid current of the Sea of Japan—a current not unlike our Gulf Stream—would be permitted to wash northward on Vladivostok and up the Siberian coast. Vladivostok would thus become ice-free, and a tempering of Siberian weather far up the coast would result.

A similar plan has been proposed for our own North American coastline. By flinging a giant breakwater seaward from Newfoundland, engineers argue, the freezing Labrador current would be diverted and the Gulf Stream, now shunted off toward the Irish coast, would flow with its warmth up past New York, Cape Cod, and the coasts of Maine and New Brunswick.

In 1929, a German engineer announced an astounding project that may well be considered as Wonder No. 5. In essence, it makes a captive lake of the Mediterranean, with gigantic dams at Gibraltar and Gallipoli to provide hydro-electricity.

Step number one of the Atlantropa plan as Hermann Soergel, the founder, called it, is the construction of a Gibraltar-to-Morocco dam, a project so imposing as to make Boulder Dam seem miniature. It would have ship slips for sea commerce, and these would be supplemented by a canal through southern France linking the Mediterranean with the Bay of Biscay. A much smaller dam would be hurled across the Dardanelles, another at Suez.

It was calculated that, if cut off from the Atlantic and the Black Sea, the Mediterranean would drop five

feet five inches per year. But to hasten the drainage and, at the same time, to reclaim marginal land and irrigate African deserts, Soergel proposed great channels to carry quantities of water off to the Sahara.

Soergel was not in a hurry. After a few decades, as he planned it, the Mediterranean would be lowered 350 feet. Its shrunk size would then make it possible to hurl a dam from Sicily to Tunis, cutting the Mediterranean in half. The eastern half would then be lowered 350 feet more, providing another colossal water power project at Tunis. Gibraltar, Gallipoli and Tunis, it was calculated, would yield 148 million horsepower, nearly three times the entire world exploitation of water power today.

As adjuncts to the Atlantropa plan, engineers have proposed a chain of inland lakes from Africa. This involves damming the Congo River and linking the resultant reservoir by a northward canal to Lake Chad and a southward canal to the headwaters of the Zambezi. Lake Chad, in turn, would be linked by canal to the Mediterranean, thus providing a complete trans-African waterway.

WONDER No. 6 is more immediately within the grasp of the post-war world. It is something we know we can do. We've done it before. Vice President Wallace, Senator Norris and others have advocated it repeatedly. They call it "a TVA on the Danube."

Take out a pre-war map and trace the Danube's meandering flow. It is at once obvious that the great river is

a life stream to southern Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Bulgaria. Engineers believe that, properly harnessed, the Danube can deluge its entire basin with electric power. Anyone who has traveled the Tennessee Valley knows what a transformation this means.

But the Danube is only the beginning. It brings us to Wonder No. 7, a world-wide power chain. Electric power is the bloodstream of our civilization. Today we have clots of it here and there; tomorrow we must have veins and arteries carrying it to every quarter of the globe.

Nearly 20 years ago, Russia proposed an international power system to link the capitals of the world. But rivalries and suspicions were too great. The world had another war to get out of its system.

Now post-war thinkers are toying with an international power chain that dwarfs the Russian idea. It calls for the carving out of regional power developments in all habitable parts of the world. This means power projects for Canada, China, Siberia, India, South America, Africa. It means harnessing whatever natural forces are available—rivers, tides, waves, even winds.

It will probably mean the revival of Passamaquoddy and the creating of dozens of other "Quoddys" wherever high tides and their potential source of power are available. The Passamaquoddy Bay project for getting electrical power from the tides was abandoned not because it

wouldn't work, but because the cost did not seem justified by the amount of power that could be sold in that wild, northern Maine territory.

One engineer I interviewed dared to look even further into the tomorrows. He envisioned a world-wide power chain without wires! "The headache in power transmission," he said, "is that it requires material channels—wires, cables. This means that much power is lost in transmission. It means that you can't get any

power unless you're hitched to the line

"Someday we will be able to transmit power through the air. All you will need is a receiving unit. It will be possible to 'tune in' and receive power much the same as you receive a program on the radio today."

Screwy idea? Well, maybe. Maybe it's all as screwy as Ben Franklin's belief that you could get electricity down from a lightning bolt or James Watt's idea that boiling water could do more than rattle a tea kettle.



Who Started It?

SADIST: Because Count de Sade, an 18th century Frenchman, found his greatest delight torturing friends and mistresses, the term sadist was derived from his name. His memoirs shocked his nation and the world by the alarming frankness with which he described his morbid and bloodthirsty cruelty.

GALVANISM: Luigi Galvani, the Italian physiologist, found by accident that an electrically-charged scalpel could send a frog's corpse into muscular convulsions. Experimenting further, he eventually discovered the principles of chemically produced electricity. His name is responsible not only for the technical expressions galvanism, galvanized iron, and galvanometer, but also for that highly graphic phrase "galvanized into action."

CHAUVINIST: Nicholas Chauvin, soldier of the French Empire, so vociferously and unceasingly aired his veneration of Napoleon Bonaparte that his name became the laughing stock of all Europe. Thereafter, an exaggerated and blatant patriot was known as a chauvinist.

GUPPIES: In 1868, R. J. Lechmere Guppy, president of the Scientific Association of Trinidad, sent some specimens of a tiny tropical fish to the British museum. Ever since, fish of this species have been called guppies.

NICOTINE: Almost 400 years ago, Jean Nicot, a French ambassador, bought some seeds from a Flemish trader. They were tobacco seeds. Nicot's successful efforts to popularize the plant in Europe brought him linguistic immortality.

—NORMAN LEWIS

The cream of the humor crop, these favorite anecdotes of your favorite personalities will provide you with chuckles galore



The Best I Know



OTTO KAHN, the New York financier, while driving through the East Side was surprised to see a huge, flamboyant sign which decorated the front of a little clothing store, and read:

A. COHEN
Cousin Of

OTTO KAHN

Indignant at the effrontery, he called his lawyer and instructed him to have his name removed from the sign, no matter what the cost.

Just to be sure, however, he drove slowly by the store again a few days later. The sign now read:

A. COHEN
Formerly Cousin Of
OTTO KAHN

—LARRY ADLER
Harmonica King

TWO LITTLE Negro boys were loitering on a corner, when one said to the other: "How old is you?"

"Ah's five," was the reply. "How old is you?"

"Ah don' know," said the first.

"You don' know how old you is?"

"Nope!"

"Does women botha' you?"

"Nope!"

"Youse fo'." —JERRY PERLMAN

A CRUSTY OLD salt-water admiral disguised himself in mufti one day to inspect a heavy cruiser.

As he neared one of the big guns, he noticed a group of men sprawling lazily on the deck. Gleam in eye, he advanced upon them and queried in an officious manner:

"You're all members of this crew, I take it?"

"Yes sir," one of them replied:

"Then here's a problem for you," continued the admiral. "You're in the midst of battle and the captain of the gun crew has just been killed. What would you do?"

"Nothing," drawled the one in a leisurely manner.

"Come, come," bristled the admiral. "You must understand that it's a terrific crisis. The gun crew captain is dead. Men are without a leader. *What would you do?*"

"Nothing, sir," the man repeated.

"Good Lord," shouted the admiral. "As a member of the United States Navy how *dare* you say that?"

"Sir," countered the man, "I'm the gun crew captain."

—JEROME KERN
Composer

FOUR MARINES were playing bridge on Guadalcanal when another leatherneck burst wildly into the room, shouting:

"Hey guys, the Nips are landing a force of about 200 men down the beach!"

The players looked at one another. Apathetic silence reigned over all. Finally one said, "Never mind, boys, I'll go. I'm dummy this hand, anyway."

—ERIC SCHWARTZ

THERE ONCE was an ardent golfer who lived, ate, and dreamed golf. One day he entered into a furious argument with his partner about whether he should use a mashie or niblick for the next stroke, and solved

it by brutally braining his partner with a brassie.

He was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. Came the fateful day of execution and he mounted the scaffold. Just before they tightened the noose about his neck, the warden stepped up and asked: "Do you have any final request you wish to make?"

"Sure," replied the golfer. "May I please take a few practice swings?"

—PAUL HARTMAN
Dancer

AN OLD MOUNTAINEER, prowling about the site of an abandoned tourist camp, salvaged a mirror from the debris.

"I swigger," he exclaimed. "Here's a picture o' Paw. Never knowed he had one made."

He took the mirror home and hid it in the attic. His wife, suspicious, searched about the attic after he'd departed the house and, finding the mirror, exclaimed:

"Ha, here's that woman he's been a-runnin' around with."

Looking more closely, she then added. "But I ain't afraid o' her. She's an ugly old devil."

—MRS. C. F. BENNETT

Readers are cordially invited to contribute their favorite stories to The Best I Know. A payment of \$10 will be made for each item accepted. Address: "The Best I Know," Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will receive the most careful consideration.

With weather as the ice-breaker, here's how you can spread a World-Neighbor policy and help melt social barriers



Parties Go Global

by MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE

WHEN YOU MEET a person outside of your own social circle, what do you do? Either you are embarrassed, and "can't think of a thing to say,"—or you talk about the weather.

On this simple impulse to talk to strangers about the weather has been built a new kind of get-together party intended to remove barriers of race, color, age and economic status. Called a "home festival," it is the original idea of Dr. Rachel Davis Dubois, a friendly Quaker lady who has long been professor of Inter-cultural Education at New York University. After 15 years of trying to make little Yankees, Italians, Jews, Germans, Catholics, Protestants, Chinese and Irish get along together in the public schools, Dr. Dubois thought she could devise a form of social entertainment guaranteed to make the most unsocial guest love his neighbor as himself. And she set about to do just this.

Starting nearly three years ago in private apartments, Greenwich Village back yards, school rooms, settlement houses and church parlors, the home festivals proved to be such fun—and such a ready means of building group morale—that knowledge of them has spread through New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York state. A bishop in Rochester, N.Y., held a delightful festival before his own fireplace, with a rabbi and a priest as guests.

While the first home festivals in New York City were intended to break down race prejudice, the idea works just as well in breaking down other social barriers—in bringing together strangers who have come to work in the town, in making refugees from abroad feel at home, in destroying class barriers between the people of different social levels working in defense factories.

The reason a social party glorifying

conversation about the weather is successful is that it carries with it the most profound implications of human brotherhood. All human activity has been associated with the weather by all men everywhere. There is a parallel among all peoples to our Thanksgiving Day harvest feast, our Yule log and Christmas tree, our Eastertide flowering bulbs, the high summer Fourth of July holiday. When you build your party on the weather, you touch, in any group, the ultimate springs of all that is deepest, happiest and most poignant in human experience—and share it as brothers.

If you want to prove this to your own satisfaction, ask a friend to tell you what he remembers about some far yesterday when the weather was just as it is today. In a mixed group of neighbors in Plainfield, N. J., gathered somewhat at random, but intended to include strangers and the persons who might normally be left out of a party, these were some of the memories.

A GUEST BORN ON a south Jersey farm remembered planting corn, three kernels at a time, and hearing the Negro and Italian farm hands singing as they swung down the field. Another remembered the locust trees blooming in Ohio. A girl of Japanese parents from Hawaii remembered the hibiscus flowers and Hawaiian dances, and some Japanese celebrating the birthday of Buddha on April 8. A Scottish guest remembered the bus driver in Scotland who stopped to let him pick clusters of heather. A Negro girl remembered an Easter service in a little

church under the palm trees in South Carolina. A guest from Washington remembered picnics in Rock Creek Park, and the spring visit to the zoo, and a certain awful impressiveness of the Washington monument, the White House and the Capitol. An Englishman born on the isle of Guernsey remembered the spring ploughing, and the mid-morning lunch under the shade of the new leaves.

In other words, the Home Festival turns the rich sub-stratum of memory possessed by everyone into social entertainment that breeds good neighborliness among the participants.

The basic pattern for a successful talk-about-the-weather-and-get-to-know-each-other meeting is simple: First a chat-fest and then a party.

To start the chat-fest, invite about 30 guests from varied racial, cultural and social backgrounds. Have them meet in a place that has both a snug corner for comfortable conversation and an open space for dancing, games and refreshments. Any place will do—a church parlor, a school auditorium or gymnasium, a private home, a veranda adjoining a lawn.

Guests should form a close circle, taking as easy and relaxed positions as they can. The leader starts by saying something like this—"We are going to revive the lost art of conversation, and I have a topic I want to suggest—What were you doing on a day just like this in June, when you were eight years old?"

CHORUS: Must it be June? Can't it be May?

ANSWER: May or June, it doesn't

matter. Any time like this when it was beginning to be warm, and flowers were blooming, and things were being planted in the ground.

CHORUS: Must it be when we were eight?

ANSWER: It doesn't really matter. Any time when you were very young. It's my turn to begin. "I am a little girl on a farm in Pennsylvania . . ."

BY THE TIME the leader finishes, several people are eager to talk. The leader picks one and says, "Now you tell about your day." As each one finishes, he picks another person to take up the tale. If there are lonely or reticent people present, the leader sometimes interposes and says, "You come from such and such a place, don't you? Did you do thus and so?"

If any song is mentioned, the story teller is asked to "show us how it goes." If any one else recognizes the song, he joins in and sings. If a special ceremony is mentioned, the speaker is asked to demonstrate it. Jews are almost always asked to explain the exact meanings and procedures of a Jewish feast. Negroes are frequently asked to stop and teach a spiritual or work-song right then and there. An Englishman born in Cornwall was asked at one party to show the others just how they used to march around the village and in and out of everybody's house.

Of course the people who prove to have the best stories are just the ones who are likely to be left out of ordinary social affairs—persons of foreign background, people isolated by race or color, or very old people. To find

themselves the centers of excited attention, to realize that they really have something to contribute, is both good for them and for those who had dismissed them from social notice.

At first the memories are apt to be rather superficial, and the conversation must be managed by the leader. If the first topic is not successful, he must introduce another on the same theme. For instance, at one party held during Christmas week, which was not going particularly well because most of the young people's experiences tended to duplicate each other, the leader introduced an element of competition. After one person mentioned a cold day, she said, "Who can tell the coldest story?" After they had pushed the thermometer down to about 50 below zero, she picked up another item which had been mentioned, and said, "Who else remembers large family gatherings at Christmas, or at Chinese New Year?"—with a glance toward the one Chinese guest.

The Chinese, thus drawn out, told about the gathering of 30 members of the family and, in answer to questions, demonstrated what they all did. Then a dark-faced reticent young man, also a student, spoke up and said, "I guess there were more than that at our family gathering." He went on to say that he was born in Algiers, but described in detail how boring the party really was. Suddenly a shy little girl spoke up, and said, "I believe I must have had the largest party. But I loved ours. It was the event of the year." She went on to tell how 52 members of her family always



gathered for Christmas, "at Uncle Ned's," in Elizabeth, New Jersey. There was a general gasp of surprise as they discovered that they had gone all around the world in search of a patriarchal family gathering, and had found it right here at home.

During such a talk, in almost any mixed group of 30, two or three people will emerge who have good singing voices. One or two will usually uncover dramatic talents. This need be no surprise. Two great radio programs—the Major Bowes amateur hour, and the Hobby Show—are built on the fact that there are all sorts of arts and amusements which individuals have perfected for their own satisfaction and are delighted to demonstrate. In almost any highly mixed group of neighbors, there are usually some buried talents. If there is any doubt of it, a little inquiry in a neighborhood will uncover two or three persons who can put on a special act, and who can be invited to the party. These special persons then naturally become the chief protagonists in effecting a transition from the chat-fest to the second phase, the party.

After about an hour of conversation, while talk is running high and the past is spreading itself before the group, a second leader takes charge.

This leader should be one with experience in leading group singing, dancing, or drama—a recreation leader, USO hostess, folk dancing teacher, or some such person. This leader can say, for example, "All this talk is very interesting, but I smell food out there in the other room." Or the transition line might be, "Some of us want to dance, so I suggest we adjourn to the other room. But wait a minute. Don't move. I suggest we do it in a special way. Perhaps we can do it in a festival procession style."

The leader, helped by some other guests experienced in group work, can then arrange to lead the guests into the party room. This can be done in a number of ways. Some prefer, in spring, to have the guests bring flowers and arrange them in a circle while everyone sings popular songs. Others favor a candle-lighting ceremony in which the lights are darkened, candles lit and serious songs sung. Quakers sit a minute in silence. Jewish cantors sometimes sing the *Rock of Ages*. Negroes are fond of chanting their old spirituals.

Whatever the medium adopted by the group for the transition, there should be no straining by the guests and it should not last more than a few minutes. It can resolve promptly into

"We are rich in the elements from which to weave a culture. In blending these elements into a national fabric of beauty and strength, let us keep the original fibres so intact that the fineness of each will show in the completed handiwork."

—Franklin D. Roosevelt

the second major phase—the party.

With the ice thus broken, the guests can march into the other room, single out their own conversational subjects and express themselves more fully than in the chat-fest. There is no dearth of topics and everyone will feel more friendly than before the meeting.

In towns and villages such parties have many repercussions, in the way of gossip and the centering of friendly interest on some previously unnoticed citizens, and plans to do it again and do it better. Sometimes neighbors who have not been invited insist on taking an interest in what is going on. During one festival in a private home, there was a loud knocking at the door. There stood two neighbors in Scotch kilts, with bagpipes. They came in jauntily, announcing, "We heard that you folks were all remembering your ancestors. So we have come to play you a tune from auld Scotland."

Of course this home festival requires experienced leadership, but it is leadership very easily achieved by any person accustomed to handling groups professionally, as teacher, recreation leader, song leader, etc. Any experienced group leader who attends one of these affairs and grasps the principle of it can make his own adaptation of it for his own neighborhood. Knowledge of the technique

now spreads by experience and word of mouth through professional persons, interested in neighborhood morale, radiating outward from Doctor Dubois herself and from an increasing number of volunteers who have been converted to the idea. But in two years a considerable body of tradition has been built up, which includes a pooling of the social procedures devised by various groups, a general knowledge of pitfalls to be avoided, and a picture of the amazingly rich and varied material of art and festival which lies right under the bare, bright surface of American social life. At present this is to be obtained from Doctor Dubois herself, or from the many volunteers who are ready to serve as informants. But it is probably only a question of time before some means will have to be devised for making help and instruction in the art of the home festival more generally available.

After one of these parties, someone frequently takes the trouble to write the leader or hostess a thank-you note. These notes are sometimes very remarkable documents. One woman wrote: "I am a Catholic, and my daughter has married a Jew. I want to tell you that through the understanding your party brought me, I have been saved from going to pieces." An elderly Englishman wrote, "The secret of it is attention *kindling into joy*. When the last handshake had been given, I dreamed of a better world in which free and happy people will share their cultures, released from all stupid trammels of race, color, and theology."

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Grow Your Own Capital

by SIGMUND SAMETH

DURING THE 1800's, loggers cut a swath of bleaching stumps from Maine to the lake states. "Cut out and get out" was their boast.

Even the seed trees fell before screeching gang saws. Soil which had lain moist on the shady forest floor for centuries became hard and sterile. The refuse of logging operations piled up, and fire finally completed the picture of desolation.

Today, silviculture, the new science of sustained timber yield, eliminates this criminal waste. Instead of chopping down a forest for one-time profit, the trees are removed only as fast as they come of salable age. This increases the total timber crop by leaving more soil, water and sunlight for trees that remain.

Silviculture's biggest boosters are public reforestation agencies and progressive logging corporations which have supplanted the high-handed

timber barons. These big operators have a billion dollar stake in maintaining the woodland output. However, folks with as little as 500 dollars working capital can become timber farmers too. Amateurs from Savannah to Siskayou are proving today that money *does* grow on trees!

Not that you'll get rich quick in timber farming. Even slash pine, our fastest growing species, takes a couple of decades to reach marketable size. If you are in your thirties, you'll probably live to harvest trees which you have planted. Otherwise your maturing stand of timber is something to hand down with pride to your children and grandchildren.

Leslie Pomeroy and his partner Eugene Conner are typical of the new generation of scientific timber farmers. In order to learn just how many trees to take at any one cutting, they first chop down the largest one and

then proceed to compute its age.

Say the tree is 82 years old. This means that timber in that particular tract reproduces itself about once every eight decades.

The rest is simple arithmetic: 80 years divided by a cutting interval of five years gives 16 cuttings during the forest life cycle. One-sixteenth is roughly six per cent. Therefore, every five years Gene and Leslie can cut and sell six per cent of their trees and actually improve productivity by doing so. Skeptical neighbors finally had to admit that these two "textbook lumbermen" were eating their cake and having it too.

Nobody can afford to rent land for a long-term crop like timber. Therefore, to start out, you ought to own at least a hundred acres—that is, a tract having two miles of boundary line.

There's no need to put up fences, although straying livestock can cause havoc—especially in the spring. Before committing yourself to purchase land, make sure it won't require shotgun justice to keep your neighbor's cattle from making hors-d'oeuvres of tender twigs and foliage.

Except for half a dozen inexpensive tools, the initial land purchase constitutes your main investment. And it need not be a staggering sum. In every section of the United States there is cheap, burned, cut-over, mountainous, rocky, or eroded acreage available. This type of land, unsuited to regular farming, will still grow timber profitably. Often you can have it for back taxes.

All non-agricultural land is not

forest land, however. Badly drained soils with poor aeration just won't grow trees. After lining up several choices, ask the county agricultural agent to help you in your selection.

Another word of advice—get to know your state extension forester before you listen to any glib promoter. The life span of a tree is longer than that of an average human being and unless you can begin with timber "on the hoof," quick returns are out of the question.

IF YOU start from scratch, the cash profits will accrue mainly to your children. Try to think of your growing trees as individual insurance policies. An Indiana life insurance agent sends his uninsurable applicants to a friend who sells timber land. Trees are one kind of insurance for which a heart murmur won't disqualify you—and they pay cash benefits on schedule.

If your land has trees already growing on it, you will miss a lot of fun, but you will start a full jump ahead of the game. Ten years or more are saved by rehabilitating a scattered growth of commercially valuable timber. Mature trees may pay dividends the very first season. Bear in mind, however, that it does not pay a lumberman to move in with a portable sawmill for less than 50 or 75 thousand board feet. Otherwise, you'll probably have to hire labor to saw your logs and bring them to the mill. So it may pay you to keep your timber "on the hoof" until the amount is respectable enough to interest a lumberman.

When trees reach an advanced age

they stop growing. They become susceptible to attacks by forest blights and insects. Many a giant of the forest is merely a decayed shell, keeping sun and moisture from the stunted saplings clustered around it. Such a tree is known as a "wolf tree."

One of your first tasks is cutting out these "wolf trees." If you wait for them to topple, valuable maturing timber will be splintered.

An operation of this sort is called an improvement cutting. Often a less valuable species such as chokecherry or scrub pine threatens to crowd out a species as valuable as white ash or yellow poplar. Then the axe and pruning shears are the only remedies.

Dense interlocking of crowns also makes the removal of some of the trees advisable. Leave the fastest growing ones, and those with the highest final market value. Never make the mistake of clearing up the undergrowth in your woods. Brush serves to retard evaporation of soil moisture and discourages the growth of fertility-robbing weeds.

PRIVATE FOREST planting got its first big impetus under the Clarke-McNary Law of 1924. Through the Forest Service, the government distributes seedling trees at less than production cost. This is how it works:

If you own more than 10 acres of land on which you would like to establish trees for timber purposes, you may apply directly to the acting forester at your state agricultural college. Prices average about three dollars per thousand seedlings. These

are delivered to you C.O.D. with full planting instructions at the proper time for setting out.

The seedlings must be set close together so that the young trees can grow straight up. If you think a thousand is too many to start with, just try planting them the recommended six feet apart, and you will find they barely cover an acre. Even with Uncle Sam's cut prices, seedlings for a hundred acres are going to cost several hundred dollars.

But wait—don't start chewing your pencil. Tree planting is classified as a soil-building practice, and the Agricultural Conservation Program will pay landowners \$7.50 per acre for planting a thousand trees of approved kinds. As for labor troubles, that generous allowance ought to pay for a part-time hired man.

Anyone can learn basic facts of tree planting in 15 minutes. The rules are as simple as setting the seedling only as deep in the ground as it grew in the nursery. From then on one man with a child to hand seedlings to him can plant a thousand trees a day.

In some cases a square of turf is "scalped" with a shovel stroke. The return swing of the spade makes a slit into which the root system of the seedling is tucked. Another method of tree planting in heavier soil makes use of a broad-bladed mattock, and under certain conditions even a crowbar can be used.

Getting a couple of thousand seedlings into the ground is not half so tricky, however, as the job of preventing wilt and root rot between the

time they arrive and the time you're ready to shoulder your spade or mattock and set out for the fields. To prevent dehydration, your bundles of seedlings must be taken from their wrappings at once and "heeled in" in a shady, shallow trench. Remove as many as you can conveniently take care of at each visit to your timber plantation, spray the rest occasionally with water, and they can be left thus in "moist storage" for months.

City dwellers with a love for outdoor life find forest-growing an ideal hobby for every member of the family. Tree crops, once established, need no cultivation. An occasional check-up visit can coincide with vacations.

Prospective week-end tree farmers should study Department of Agriculture Bulletins 1123 and 1453 to learn what trees to grow, rates of growth, and probable yields. State agricultural colleges also publish forest farming handbooks.

STATE EXTENSION foresters are of direct service to tree farmers in obtaining information on the best markets and prices. The forester is your agent. Call on him for advice. He can explain the many ways in which standing timber is sold. He may suggest selling all or only a few designated trees, and he will help you in drawing up the logging contract. Four to 10 years is the average training period of a forester. You can't afford to overlook this accumulated experience.

Last year in the backwoods of North Carolina a certain farmer was very thankful for the presence of a state

forester. He had been pressed for cash and decided to sacrifice a tremendous black walnut specimen which was growing in his dooryard. He obtained several fine sawlogs from the one tree which fetched all together over 200 dollars. Such a price for a single hardwood tree is not at all unusual.

Weeks later the forester happened to be passing. "Why don't you sell that stump before it rots?" he said. The farmer had been using it as a chopping block. But the stump he had considered a waste product brought 90 dollars when it was found to have an exquisitely figured grain much desired in cabinetmaking veneers.

Bonanzas like this are not uncommon when you deal in tall timber. A Boston sportsman bought an abandoned Vermont farm as a hunting retreat and more than paid for it out of mature timber harvested from stumpage at no effort of his own. Thirty thousand board feet of ash, for example, sold at 15 dollars per thousand to a company which made hoe handles. The timber to be removed was marked by the forester and served as a "liberation cutting" to free young and vigorous growth.

Similarly a Maryland timber investor bought 80 acres of growing Southern pines six years ago for 600 dollars. Every summer he brought his wife and two youngsters to vacation on the land and they carried out a program of intensive forest improvement. This year he "cashed in" 18 acres of the land by selling its largest timber for 800 dollars. The contract released pine timber down to six inches

on the stump, leaving a nice stand for future growth.

The Nazis have a word for wood: *Universalmrohstoff*, the universal raw material, they call it.

Here in the U.S.A. we haven't been reduced to mixing sawdust with our bread, but we're putting wood to a thousand new uses. Compressed plastic-impregnated wood is lighter than aluminum and stronger than steel. Improved preservatives give us fenceposts which last for 30 years. Laminated wood girders and arches make possible airplane hangars and factory sheds with 100 feet or more of un-

obstructed floor space. Our forests have truly gone to war.

Walnut for gunstocks . . . sitka spruce for propellers . . . cypress for planking speedy PT-boats . . .

To replace trees felled for our trebled industrial and military needs, there is a renewed call for reforestation. East of the Great Plains there are 50 million acres of abandoned agricultural land ideally adapted for forestry.

It's all there for the doing. If you can't plant a forest, plant an acre. And if you can't plant an acre, plant a tree. Every plot of ground in America is a prospective "Victory Garden."



Judgment Day

¶The defendant was charged with having gained entrance by means of a skeleton key to a saloon, and stealing seven dollars from the cash register.

Samuel Leibowitz, the defendant's attorney, asked the judge:

"If your honor please, I request that you permit the jury to go to the scene of the robbery and try the key in the door. I contend it won't open that door and stake my case on the demonstration."

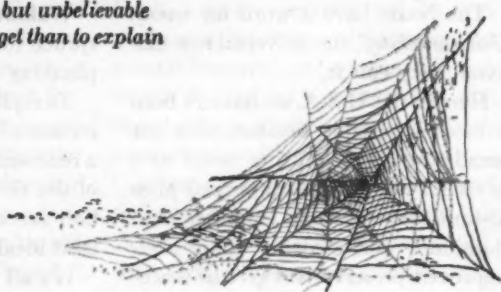
The prosecuting attorney was taken completely by surprise. "I oppose wasting the time of these 12 busy citizens on such a fool's errand," he protested.

The judge upheld his objection, the 12 busy citizens filed out, deliberated three minutes, returned with a verdict of "Not Guilty!"

Leibowitz later admitted that he himself hadn't tried the key in the saloon door, but figured that neither had the district attorney—who wouldn't dare to call his bluff. —RAYMOND H. SCHWARTZ

¶Two men, penniless when arrested for drunkenness, offered to pay fines after a night in jail. Their third cell mate accused them of robbing him, and within two hours the men had been indicted, tried, convicted, and sentenced. "A perfect circumstantial case," said the judge, in passing sentence. —FROM the Newspaper PM

Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain



Forgotten Mysteries

• • • A strange procession of unknown forms moved across the sky on the night of February 9, 1913, according to reports gathered by Astronomy Professor Chant of Toronto. His findings, published in the *Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada*, were collected from observers in many points in northern United States and Canada.

Early in the evening of February 9, a luminous body was seen near the horizon, traveling straight across the sky. Observers noted that "... the body was composed of three or four parts, with a tail to each part." This complex structure moved with a "peculiar majestic deliberation. When it disappeared in the distance, another group emerged from its place of origin." Still a third group followed.

According to one watcher, "there were probably 30 or 32 such bodies. The most peculiar thing about them

was that they moved in fours, threes, and twos, abreast of one another. So perfect was this lineup that it seemed almost as if an aerial fleet were maneuvering, after rigid drilling."

The strange heavenly bodies were observed for almost an hour. Meteors do not move slowly and horizontally across the sky, nor in orderly fashion. Careful checks revealed that no human airships had been aloft that night. What things not of this earth were, God only knows.



• • • Early in 1940 when some people still dubbed it a "phony war," Lieutenant Grayson, a British pursuit pilot who was flying night patrol near Dover, one night observed a plane whose silhouette was unfamiliar

to him. He at once gave chase, but the stranger stayed well ahead.

Finally he had a clear view of the craft, bathed in brilliant moonlight. It was an ancient biplane—*whose wings bore the Iron Cross symbol of the Kaiser's Germany!* Grayson thought he also saw on the fuselage the Flying Circus insignia of Baron Manfred von Richthofen, Germany's Red Knight of the skies, shot down in 1918.

A moment later Grayson ran into a rain squall. When he emerged, the mysterious plane had vanished. Upon returning to his base, Grayson reported the incident in detail. The report, no doubt, is gathering dust somewhere in the files of the RAF, another forgotten mystery.



• • • Thomas A. Edison throughout his life was an outspoken skeptic about things supernatural. However, at least once during his career, the distinguished inventor admitted that he was witness to an utterly inexplicable demonstration.

To test the alleged clairvoyant faculties of a certain Bert Reese, Edison performed the following experiment:

Reese was placed in one room of his laboratory, under the surveillance of one of Edison's assistants. Edison himself entered another room quite a distance away, closed the door, and wrote on a slip of paper: "Is there anything better than hydroxide of nickel for an alkaline electric battery?"

He then folded the paper, placed it in an inside pocket, and returned to the room where Reese was waiting.

As Edison entered the door, Reese said: "There is nothing better than hydroxide of nickel for an alkaline electric battery."

Edison at once ruled out coincidence. Fraud seemed impossible. To the end of his days, the inventor confessed himself completely unable to explain the incident.



• • • While engaged in archeological studies at the Temple of Old Mahableshwar in 1934, M. Paul Dare, news editor of *The Times of India*, came upon a rare image of the four-faced goddess, Gayatri. Intending to photograph his unusual find, he set up his camera and was about to snap a picture when a Brahmin priest strode up and warned him briefly: "You won't be able to photograph that image."

Dare smiled and proceeded to make several exposures. That night in his own darkroom he developed the films. All the negatives had been perfectly exposed. In every case, the wall behind the idol showed up clearly, in good focus. But in the space where the idol should have been, each film was totally blank.

Dare reported the incident in his recent book, *Indian Underworld*. The case is seemingly fraud-proof.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

"Glasses are only crutches for the eye, not cures for poor vision," said Dr. Bales. His exercises now restore normal sight to thousands



Artist of Seeing

by IRVING WALLACE

TWO YEARS AGO in Los Angeles, city of perennial sensation, the trial of Organized Medicine vs. Margaret Darst Corbett played to a jammed courtroom and fascinated jury.

On one side were arrayed the organized oculists, optometrists and ophthalmologists of Southern California, who charged her with "practicing medicine and optometry and using drugs, without a license."

On the other, with her career at stake, was Mrs. Margaret Darst Corbett, who had to prove that she could save the eyesight of human beings through lessons in "eye re-education"—without the use of medicine, operations or glasses.

Witnesses ranging in age from five to 85 years flocked to the stand in her behalf. Five hundred grateful clients in Los Angeles alone volunteered to testify for her.

There were elders like Mrs. Bar-

bara Setrain, who had been blinded by a reducing medicine. After specialists declared her case hopeless, she studied with Mrs. Corbett for just one year. Excitedly, she testified: "I was blind! Now I can see! Look at me!"

There were celebrities, too. Irene Rich, Francis Marion, Anita Loos, Mary Pickford, Billie Burke, Brian Aherne, Lady Mendl . . .

Most thrilling of all testimonies, though, was that of writer Aldous Huxley. Following an attack of heritis at the age of 16, he had been totally blinded in one eye and left with only 20 per cent vision in the other. Forced to wear monstrously thick glasses, he sought out eye experts everywhere without success.

Finally, on a friend's recommendation, he had consulted Margaret Corbett. Within two months he was reading without glasses. And today, his vision almost normal, he has written

The Art of Seeing, a dramatic account of his fight for sight. In it he gives full credit for his miraculous recovery to Mrs. Corbett and to the Bates method which she teaches.

Naturally, witnesses like Huxley didn't help the ease of the opposition. Before the trial, however, they had dispatched two women afflicted with poor sight to Mrs. Corbett for treatment. By this they hoped to prove that she practiced medicine and optometry without license.

But even these women's testimony proved a boomerang—for they testified, in effect, that Mrs. Corbett did *not* use medicine, did *not* practice optometry, did *not* injure or defraud, and *did* cure!

On the witness stand the jury saw the defendant as a gray-haired, slender, blue-eyed woman who looked to be about 35. Perhaps her boundless vitality and energy tricked one into thinking she was much younger than her 50-odd years. Of course she did not wear glasses.

The trial, which she won hands down, had strange aftermaths. It is said that members of the jury which acquitted her actually came to her for treatment. A magazine briefly mentioned the proceedings, and within a few months Mrs. Corbett had received 3,000 letters begging for eye-aid—from all of the 48 states, from China, South America, India, Spain, Great Britain.

Mrs. Corbett has always tended to be over-cautious about her work and descriptions of it. At her trial, for instance, she insisted over and

"Faulty vision, like faulty golf or faulty singing, can be improved by teaching the art of activity in relaxation."

—Aldous Huxley

over that she was not a doctor or healer but a *teacher*; that she gave *instructions* in eye re-education, not medical treatment; that her clients were *pupils*, not patients.

Today in her battle to improve the sight of a nation she labors in a city riddled with shams, quacks and rackets, with a powerful and well established profession opposed to her. Nevertheless, after 12 years she has graduated from her original headquarters in a four-room apartment, where she treated her first 12 patients free of charge, to a magnificent 50-thousand dollar cubistic building which is jam-packed from morning until night.

All of Mrs. Corbett's 50 employees were trained by her. Her staff also includes a secretary whose sole duty is to answer her daily avalanche of mail. If correspondents live in the vicinity, Mrs. Corbett invites them in to see her. If not, she directs them to a competent colleague. For in every large city today there are eye teachers like Mrs. Corbett, teaching the same Bates method of relaxation.

Her career began 15 years ago, says Mrs. Corbett, when her husband hovered on the verge of blindness. They had heard of a Doctor William Bates who was experimenting at Columbia University with some new ideas in optics. After a few months' study with him, her husband's blind-

ness was checked—his eyes actually began to normalize.

Convinced that others should benefit by the method, Mrs. Corbett took up its study and, authorized as a teacher, returned to Los Angeles in 1930 to open her own school.

A word about the founding father himself is not amiss at this point. In 1908, Dr. William Bates was practicing as an orthodox ophthalmologist, fitting glasses and performing operations. But one thing had consistently stumped him. "If a medicine is good," he reasoned, "the patient usually takes weaker doses as he improves. But when people wear glasses their eyesight does not improve. If anything, they tend to require stronger glasses as time goes on."

For a century, scientists had held that the eye focused for sight at various distances by a change in the shape of the lens; abnormalities in vision occurred when the lens lost its power to focus and to adjust itself.

Since they couldn't treat the lens within the eye, specialists fitted patients with compensating glasses to neutralize the flaw in vision, and give the patient quick relief. But these "eye-crutches" did nothing to cure the *causes* of defective vision.

Dr. Bates, however, by removing the lens entirely from an eye, found he could train the eye to see and to accommodate itself to distances without the aid of either the lens or glasses.

If the lens did not cause defective vision, what then did? In New York City alone, Dr. Bates analyzed the sight of 20 thousand school children.

His conclusion? That the eye is adjusted for vision at different distances by the six muscles surrounding the eyeball, not through any organic change in the lens itself. A straining effort to see seemed to result in abnormal action of these muscles. When strain was relieved, the eye once more became normal. Emotional tensions, such as grief, anxiety, irritation, fear or even boredom, he concluded, actually affected vision. Perfect sight was not to be regained, in that event, by rushing out for a pair of spectacles, but by relaxing and alleviating mental and muscular strain.

WITHIN THE scope of a single article it is hardly possible to cover the precepts of the Bates method. But it might be of interest to mention a few simple exercises used in treatment:

1. *Palming*: Place one hand beside your nose, the heel of the hand on the cheekbone, the cupped palm loosely covering the eye, the fingers on the forehead. Similarly cover the other eye with your other hand, the fingers crossing on the forehead, thus shutting out all light. Place your elbows at a comfortable height so that the neck is in line with the spine. Then think of something pleasant, to relieve mental tautness. To avoid mental staring, one should preferably remember objects in movement, human beings, traffic, clouds scurrying across the sky. Or, if you can do so without strain, conjure up a blackboard in your mind. People with relaxed organs of vision see blackness. If your visual functioning is abnor-

mal, you are apt to see gray clouds, darkness streaked with light, color.

2. *The Pencil Swing*: Hold your pencil up five inches before your nose. Now swing the head from shoulder to shoulder, letting your eyes slip along where the nose points. The pencil will seem to pass from one side of your face to the other in gentle rhythm. The purpose of the swing is to (a) start the eyes shifting; (b) stimulate circulation in the neck, eyes and spine; (c) sensitize all parts of the retina.

3. *Nose Writing*: Flop into an easy chair or lie in bed; unclamp your teeth, heave a sigh. Now, pretend your nose is eight inches long. With this elongated pencil-nose you are going to draw pictures and write words. Eyes closed, but not tightly! Letting your head and neck help you, draw a large tire on a wheel with the end of this pencil-nose. Go over it several times, round and round, smoothing out any flat tires. Now around the other direction, just as thoughtfully. Next put spokes in the wheel all the way from the top of the tire to the base. With your nose, write your own name in long-hand with the free movement. When you think a mental picture, the eyes at once start moving their normal 70 times-a-second shift. The minute this shift is encouraged, relaxation follows and the vision becomes better.

4. *Motion Picture Drill*: Go to the motion pictures to build your vision. Sit close, the third or fourth row, if your problem is near-sightedness. Take off your glasses, at first during only a part of the show, since the eyes

still lack endurance. Perhaps the picture at first seems too blurred to enjoy. Be patient: soon the screen will start to clear. Palm during the trailers, and the vision will improve even during one show. Keep your head high, looking easily at the screen, breathe often. Before many shows you will be able to sit farther back, and increase your distance.

IF YOU ARE a pupil consulting Mrs. Corbett, you must tell her yourself what is wrong with your eyes, since the law forbids her to make a diagnosis. Some students learn rapidly, others slowly, for the power to relax varies with the individual. In your first lesson, you are seated in a comfortable chair, instructed to close your eyes, and swing your head slowly from side to side, as if saying "no" to a child. This helps you relax and keeps your eyes moving.

In your second lesson, you probably would read a black card with white-lettered sentences on it, and as the lessons continue, graduate to a white card with black-lettered sentences. Each lesson finds you reading them from a slightly greater distance. Mrs. Corbett must employ sentence cards rather than the well-known letter test cards to avoid charges that she practices optometry.

Then comes a day—it may be during the fourth or fortieth lesson—when, as you read the letters with customary difficulty, the words will suddenly look as clear as though you were only two or three feet away from them. As suddenly, this "flash" of

normal vision will disappear. For a moment you have reached the proper relaxation point and normal vision. And these flashes steadily increase.

Perhaps Mrs. Corbett's most revolutionary idea is her aversion to sunglasses, eyeshades and the notion that bright sunlight is harmful to the eyes.

"Eyes," she insists, "are the one organ of the body constructed to receive and use light. Burros, when taken to the depths of coal mines, lose their vision but, allowed a vacation in sunny fields, quickly regain it. Among coal miners, eye diseases and blindness are very prevalent. Sea captains and sailors, on the other hand, have excellent vision.

"The belief that eyes should be protected against sunshine probably arose from the fact that when nervously strained, they resent sudden contrast—as when you step from a shaded building into the brilliance of a noonday glare. Ease your eyes into brilliant light. Close them and loosen the eye muscles, if tense, taking deep breaths as you do this. Once the sun grows comfortable to your closed lids, the glare will not be bothersome when you open your eyes."

Properly taught by trained instructors, the Bates method has piled mir-

acle on miracle. The exercises have proved sight-savers to persons suffering from near-sightedness, far-sightedness, astigmatism, cataracts, glaucoma, cross-eyes and even color blindness. The type of exercise used varies, of course, with the eye disorder.

Since the outbreak of war, Mrs. Corbett has helped more than 200 men with poor sight successfully to hurdle the air corps eye tests.

One of Mrs. Corbett's favorite stories concerns MacDonald Carey, the young movie actor, who attempted to enlist in the Marines, but flunked out because of color-blindness.

Within a few months after consulting her, Carey reapplied. The same leathery major pushed color mazes in front of him. But this time Carey rattled off the right answers without difficulty. Surprised, the major flashed more charts. Carey read them all. Suspicious, the major produced old, yellowing ones. In all Carey took 12 color-blind tests, without a miss.

As he left, a full-fledged Marine recruit, Carey saw the burly major trailing him. "Uh, Carey," said the Major, "uh—I've been having a little trouble in the last few years, my eyes, you know. Could you tell me again what that woman's name was?"

Paging Mr. Ripley

IN NEWPORT Rhode Island, a statue was once erected in honor of Michele Felice Corne—because he ate a tomato! Corne is the first man known to have munched this vegetable, proving to the world that the formerly-termed "love apple"—presumed to be poisonous—was a wholesome and delectable food.

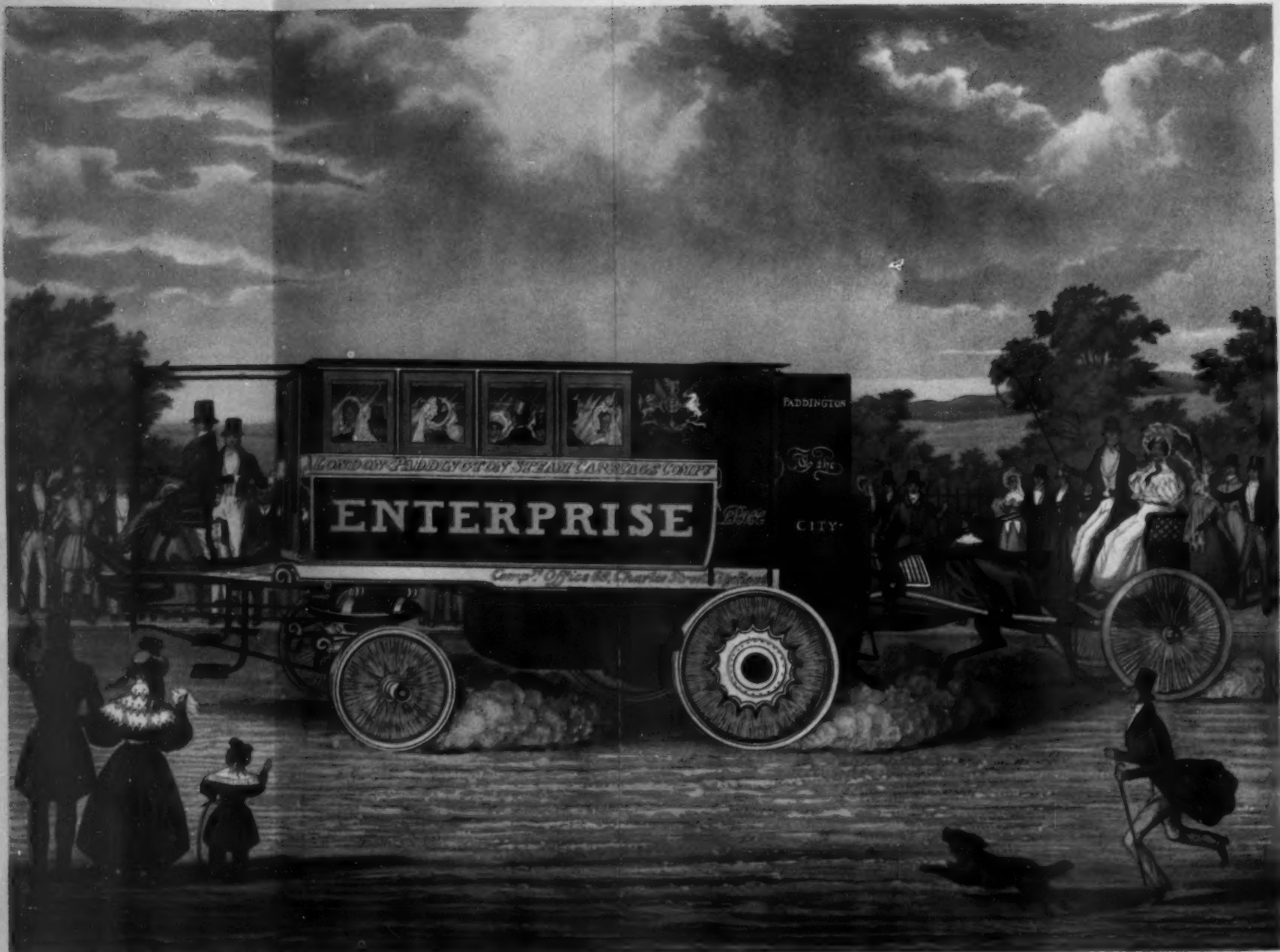
—MABEL WORTH



ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS' GALLERIES

The Intruder

WILLIAM WEARN



COURTESY OF THE OLD PRINT SHOP, HARRY SHAW NEWMAN, NEW YORK, N. Y.
 Drawn by W. Sawmoss.

THE "ENTERPRISE" STEAM OMNIBUS.
 BUILT BY *Mr. Walter Hancock, of Stratford,* FOR THE
 LONDON AND PADDINGTON STEAM CARRIAGE COMPANY
 Commenced Running April 29th 1833.

Engraved by C. Hunt

Published June 1833 by ACKERMANN & CO. 56 Strand

A British economist's dream of a better post-war world—Must reading for all concerned with the drafting of a just peace



Beveridge: Practical Utopian

by MICHAEL EVANS

ABOUT HALF A dozen years ago a twinkling-eyed British economist who had won some fame for his talks over the radio set down his ideas of the kind of world he would create if he should suddenly be endowed with the powers of creation.

It was a friendly sort of world and, differing from most utopias, it was threaded with some very practical considerations. The man who jotted down this contemporary version of Sir Thomas More was Sir William Henry Beveridge whose "Beveridge Plan" for the abolition of want in post-war England has become one of the landmarks of the war, like Wilson's 14 Points.

The fame and controversy which the "Plan" has stimulated are not likely to upset the somewhat puckish ways of Sir William. When some of his early broadcasts stirred up newspaper headlines, he blandly replied that "there is no actual law against

the BBC giving a listener something pleasant to think about."

Beveridge has been on the air in Britain intermittently, discussing social and economic subjects, and he once was a regularly programmed feature of the London broadcast. He spoke for 10 minutes every Tuesday night at 9:50 p.m.—right after the daily sports roundup and just before the nightly "prominent speaker" feature. As he explained, his talks were designed to keep the radio audience occupied while waiting for the real speaker of the evening who "talked on Freedom or India or the American Scene."

These theories, some of which naturally form the basis of the Beveridge Plan, are the product of a philosophy which has been developed over 35 years of semi-public and public service. As early as 1908 Beveridge put before the British public—or rather

that small part of it which was interested in the technical details of a subject which was still, politically speaking, darkest Africa—a comprehensive study of unemployment and what the government could do to meet the problem. Beveridge's Plan was not adopted then. It hasn't been yet. But as a matter of fact within a year of his study, the young president of the Board of Trade, the British cabinet minister charged with handling such questions, announced that the government proposed to set up a comprehensive system of insurance against unemployment. That young minister was Winston Churchill.

As Beveridge wrote in later years, "The project seemed then—and was—a daring adventure."

It does not seem so daring today. But at that time the only place unemployment insurance had ever been tried was in the little Swiss canton of St. Gall. And the hopeful experiment of the Swiss had ended in disaster.

Beveridge does not believe the world can be rebuilt overnight. In fact, he is not at all certain that the world can be made over.

"This planet," he says, "is full of cruelty and oppression, of unexpected savagery, senseless injustice, killings of the body and killings of the spirit which one can do nothing to help—which one feels ought to rouse the conscience of humanity."

In dreaming of a more perfect world he tries to limit his dreams to something at least faintly realistic. "It must be a world utopia," he believes, not an island, not an isolated

little spot of paradise surrounded by workaday grime and toil. In his personal utopia, Beveridge, of course, sees no war. That is fundamental.

It will be a much emptier world, if he gets his way—"emptier and greener than London." He thinks birth control should and will reduce the world population and suggests 5 million people as a good figure for England, instead of today's 42 million, and 30 million for China instead of 300 million. That, he points out, "will give human beings a scarcity value." (He believes that over-population, too great competition for available resources, food, work, etc., is the basic cause of the world's ills.)

UPON THIS world he would impose no universal order—no superfascist or super-bolshevik state. Instead, he suggests that all forms of government—socialist, communist, capitalist, individualist or what-not—be allowed to compete for the patronage of the world's citizens. He does make one political forecast, however, that neither parliamentary democracy nor totalitarian dictatorship would prove popular in his dream world. He thinks the general public is deathly tired of "government"—that they get too much of it in most states. By that he means the endless redtape, bureaucracy, the whole Washington complex (which is equally a London complex or a Moscow or Berlin complex, for that matter). He would establish, in its place, a new profession of administrators to run the various states—calling them "adjusters" for want of

a better term. In his new order there would still be unemployment, but only a bare minimum. Children would go to school until they were 16. If their instructors thought they would benefit by more education, they would study on to 18 or 22 or even 25. The decision would be made on what could be molded from the human clay rather than on ability as a left tackle or drum majorette.

The heart of Beveridge's utopia would be the family. This he would aid, protect and encourage by every possible means.

Beveridge, like any man who can daydream of utopias, is an optimist. He believes in human nature. He believes in the world. Most of all, he believes in England.

In presenting the Plan to the public in November, 1942, he said:

"Want could have been abolished in Britain before the present war. It can be abolished after the present war unless the British people prove less productive than they or their fathers always have been."

This was Beveridge's answer to critics who regard his plans too expensive. He backs up his position with statistics showing that want—actual physical want and privation—could have been liquidated in pre-war Britain without even touching the rich. His figures show that the working class alone had a surplus above subsistence which was 30 times as great as the total deficiency of the poverty-stricken and down-and-out.

There are no cure-alls in Beveridge's Plan and he has been most careful to

emphasize this. In essence his plan is simply an insurance umbrella to cover with minimum benefits the crises and catastrophes of human existence.

If Joe Digges, with two children, loses his job, he will get 56 shillings (about \$11.20) a week until he finds a new spot—provided he is willing to be trained in another trade if it becomes apparent there are no more jobs to be found in his old line.

If Joe gets sick, he gets the same benefits—plus free doctors and hospitals until he gets well. When he's 65 he can quit on a pension of eight dollars a week. When Joe's daughter gets married, she gets 40 dollars to set up housekeeping with. And when she has a baby, the government gives her 16 dollars to help pay the bills—also a free doctor and care. Until the youngster is 15, she will get about \$1.60 a week to help support it. In case of death in the family there is 80 dollars from the government to cover funeral expenses.

NOT A VOICE in England has been raised against the objectives of Beveridge's proposal. But there have been sharp, skeptical questions about the cost. The cost is high. No doubt about it. The program would cost roughly 2,800,000,000 pounds—or something like 11 per cent of Britain's total income. Translated into American terms, that would be about 12 billion dollars, a whopping big sum for either England or the United States. But Beveridge, possibly with some excess of optimism, believes Britain can take it—provided, and here

he frankly lays down a major "if"—the other national and international economic problems are attacked with equal boldness.

"Now, when war is abolishing landmarks of every kind," he says, "is the opportunity for using experience in a clear field. A revolutionary moment in the world's history is a time for revolutions, not for patching."

Bold words, those. Some might find them bolder than Beveridge's remedy. But that ignores the background against which Beveridge has drawn his Plan.

Britain already has unemployment insurance, yes. But with benefits about half those he proposes and hemmed in by time limits and a "means test." The same goes for his old age pension plan. He doubles Britain's health benefits and adds medical care and hospitalization on a scale which would complete the socialization of medicine in Britain. His death, marriage and child benefits venture into virgin territory.

You can understand what the funeral insurance means to Joe Digges much better when you know that in London one person in every 11 is buried in a pauper's grave.

By offering government burial insurance, Beveridge would blithely wipe out what is called in England "industrial assurance"—one of the most profitable specialties in the British insurance business. Some 103 million of these policies were in force at last count—about two and a quarter for every person in the country. They represented total insurance of 6½

billion dollars and 300 million dollars in yearly premium income.

When Beveridge tackled these interests he tackled a giant. The biggest "assurance" firm is the Prudential Assurance Co., with assets of nearly a billion and a half dollars. More than 25 years ago Prudential was described by Sidney Webb, the brilliant Fabian economist, as:

"Absolutely the largest stockholder in the Bank of England, the most extensive owner of railway securities as well as of freehold ground rents; the most considerable holder of Indian and Colonial bonds and stocks; the most important mortgager of real estate; one of the greatest of London ground landlords, and probably the greatest owner of freehold property in the United Kingdom."

PRUDENTIAL hasn't changed much in the interim—except to grow bigger, to invade the steel industry, the newspaper business and the chain stores. Roughly two thirds of Prudential's income comes from "industrial assurance." If anything more need be added, it might be to point out that 40-odd members of parliament are directors of insurance companies.

Outside this behemoth, Beveridge does not appear to have trod too heavily on the vested interests. However, some persons of longer views—and these are not entirely confined to the financial community—are not inclined to brush aside the fear that Britain's export trades, the coal, the cotton, the textiles, the steel—the north-of-England industries on which



Britain has her foundation—may not be able, in a cut-throat, peace-time world, to stand double or triple the present social security bill.

So far as such fears are concerned, however, Sir William sails through them like a hot knife in butter. He gave a demonstration of his agility and resourcefulness in controversy about 10 years ago.

In cooperation with the BBC he had launched a questionnaire survey on British family life, an institution just as sacrosanct as Queen Mary's hats. As he later described it, he caused "an explosion" in Fleet street.

"The interest of the press," he said with emphasis, "came to me as a complete surprise."

What Beveridge had done was to invite his listeners to fill out rather complete questions on their private lives. They were to tell whether they were married for the first time, how they got their first job, how the husband and wife divided their money, what they did for a living and what their parents and grandparents did.

But the question which sent the *Daily Mirror* and *Express* to town was:

"How did you meet your wife or husband? At the home of your parents, at the home of friends, at a place of

entertainment, at a school or university function, on a holiday, at a religious or philanthropic activity or in some other way (name it)."

The tabloid writers declared a field day on that one.

But Sir William came up smiling. He blandly announced that he had expected only 1,000 returns to his questions but that, because of the publicity, he had been forced to send out 50 thousand. Then he discussed family life for his radio listeners. He gave sage counsel. Marriage, he said, is a matter in which people seldom carry out their own theories. He discussed environment and cited the sad case of the tadpole which, if dropped in alcohol at an early age, comes out with only one eye. He tarried over the question of "where did you meet your wife?" and jocularly cited Samuel Johnson's word that there are 50 thousand women who can make a man as happy as his wife. He approved the simple sex conventions, such as letting a man pick up the luncheon check or allowing a woman to pass through the door first, as making life simpler and smoother.

He remarked that "our fathers had a saying about marriage that if two people ride on a horse, one of the two

must ride behind. They called that a bit of common sense—modern marriage is more like two people riding abreast on the same horse, doing a rather difficult balancing feat and each holding one rein."

He quoted the warning of some good soul that "what is wrong with the average man is that he marries a girl, being sure she is the opposite of his mother, and then spends the rest

of his life trying to make her just like his mother."

By this time the newspapers were ready to quit and Beveridge, with his essential optimism, had won the bout.

At 63 he is still an optimist. Sir William had never married. But, having got utopia out of his system, he was not yet satisfied. At 63 Sir William has taken a bride—his 63-year-old former secretary.



Noise Is a Nuisance

¶Mechanical advances of the last few centuries have multiplied common noises several thousand per cent, and many believe that deafness has increased proportionately. Thomas Edison, for one, declared that we'd all be deaf in a hundred years unless drastic steps were taken to curb noises.

¶Certain workers suffer occupational or partial deafness. Printers, road breakers, traffic policemen, automobile and taxi drivers, boiler-makers, riveters and even typists are but a few examples. In addition, these people are likely to be short tempered during or immediately after working hours. Psychologists explain this as a form of shell shock.

¶Wars of course bring deafness to thousands of soldiers and, in modern times, to civilians, too, through bomb bursts. On their battlefronts, the Germans have used mobile loud speakers which blare on the other side's nerves, and suggest that the Nazi force is several times larger than it actually is.

¶Current anti-noise campaigns are simply an imitation of something the Greeks thought up long ago. As far back as 600 B.C., Sybaris, a progressive Greek metropolis, passed laws against all industrial noises in residential areas. In Athens and Sparta, in 300 B.C., drunks who made too much noise after folks had gone to sleep were subjected to fines and sometimes forbidden the use of the streets for several days. Chariots and horsemen were required to drive as slowly as possible in order to reduce the clatter. And peddlers were prohibited from hawking wares except during late morning and early afternoon.

—SIMPSON M. RITTER

Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show

Not of Our Species

• • • The great stamina of the horse has often been affirmed. An outstanding instance of his endurance is told by an Oregon rancher:

"When as children we visited our grandparents' ranch, grandmother had a favorite horse she used to let us ride. Bobby only endured us, however, for all his love and affection were reserved for his mistress.

"When the faithful animal was 15 years old he was sold to a friend of grandfather's, who took him to California. Grandmother consented to the sale only because she thought Bobby would be happier in his old age in a warmer climate.

"So it was arranged that Bobby be sent by truck to California. No sooner had he gone, however, than the whole family began to regret the decision. Even the other horses seemed to miss him.

"One cold and rainy night the

family was sitting around the fire when we heard a faint whinny above the howl of the storm. Grandmother jumped up and voiced what all of us were thinking. 'That's Bobby's call. I'd know it anywhere,' she cried, and ran out into the rain.

"There at the gate stood Bobby, covered with mud. He gave a nicker of joy when he saw grandmother, then turned to trot down the trail to the pasture."

Bobby had made his way alone from Eureka, California to Coburg, Oregon, a distance of 230 miles.

—From Nina McCornack,
San Francisco, California

• • • In 1930 Herbert Neff of Knoxville, Tennessee, brought home a fuzzy German shepherd puppy named Gyp who soon became a vital

member of the family. Two years later the dog mysteriously disappeared and, after weeks of searching, the Neffs gave him up for lost.

On Christmas Eve they heard a scratching on the back door, and there stood the prodigal Gyp. He stayed with the family all that night and the next day. But the day after Christmas, he again vanished.

For nine years, his visit was repeated every night before Christmas. In all that time, the Neffs were never able to locate the dog's whereabouts. But in 1941 a reporter at last broke the mystery. Gyp was traced to a home about a mile away where he had been "taken up." His present master, J. R. Jones, says he cannot offer any explanation for Gyp's annual disappearance.

This year Mrs. Neff again put out Gyp's dinner, but the big shepherd failed to arrive. Twenty-four hours later, the 13-year-old dog paid what may be his last Christmas visit to the Neffs. His increasing feebleness may well account for his lateness, but no one has yet been able to say how Gyp knows when Christmas comes.

—From Thomas Sperry,
Knoxville, Tennessee

• • • One sunny afternoon Herman Bruce sat watching several large ants pass back and forth over a length of wire stretched between an old apple tree and a stone wall.

In order to test their resourceful-

ness, he carefully wound sticky fly-paper around the wire. Two days later he observed the result. The ants had covered the sticky surface with small fragments of apple leaves and, except for two insects who had made missteps and were stuck on the paper, there was an uninterrupted procession of the little creatures over this shaky, leaf-paved bridge.

—From Harry S. Tillotson,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

• • • Two hunters were watching a high-flying formation of geese approach their blind. At the first shot, the birds closed into a tighter, more protective V.

When the next man fired, he wounded one of the geese, and it started to lose altitude. The bird's wings were set in a downward glide, and he had dropped to within 40 feet of the water when two other members of the flight swooped down and placed their wings under his. Working in perfect unison, they carried him up and along for about four miles, gradually gaining altitude.

The hunters were so impressed by such teamwork and selflessness that they had not the heart to take aim at the perfect target. —From W. C. Reid,
London, Ontario

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address "Not of Our Species," Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.

Now—teen-age patriots are crusading against the insects and rats which spread disease and lay waste our food supply



A Boy Scout Call to Arms

by PRISCILLA JAQUITH

IMAGINE ALL of Connecticut and Rhode Island as one huge farm with acres of tawny wheat, orchards heavy with apples and apricots, truck gardens green with vegetables. Then picture all that vast, fruitful farm laid waste, completely.

That is the amount of destruction that insects and rats do every year in this country—a tenth of what the farmers raise.

Today with more men overseas to feed—thousands of them—the battle to fight off these insect attackers is vital. It's a battle made even tougher now for two reasons. First, because the weapons to fight it, the sprays and poisons, are so scarce they have to be rationed as frugally as rubber. Second, because more than a million men have already left the farms.

That is where the youngsters come in. It's M-day for them now.

In conferences called by the Man-

power Commission all over the country, government experts, farmers and labor leaders are planning how to call on our youth for help.

Already the 4-H Club is teaching its 1,500,000 boys and girls more about insects and how to kill them. Already the Boy Scouts are buckling down to the task, too.

How and where and when this army of youngsters is summoned for special missions is up to the modest scientists in Washington, the generals commanding the field on the insect battlefield.

It's an odd campaign, this one, against the hordes of chewing, sucking enemy troops—some so tiny you need a microscope to see them. Their numbers are legion: grasshoppers, chinch bugs, boll weevils, army worms, clothes moths, aphids, Japanese beetles, codling moths, termites, centipedes, Mormon crickets, flies, lice, roaches,

There Is No Age Limit on Patriotism!

This announcement is directed to a special group of Americans—to the kids from 8 to 18. It concerns a new opportunity for them to enlist to serve their country—by striking a blow against the vermin-plague which yearly destroys one-tenth of American crops. It is a challenge to young America to fight on the health front and on the food front. How about it, kids?

Already the Boy Scouts of America are enlisting in this all-important campaign. Indeed, the Scouts are already getting their orders—and from this very article. Some 2,000 copies of it are being dispatched by Boy Scout headquarters to troop leaders throughout America. It is their call to arms.

Realizing other youth groups, clubs and movements will also be eager to enlist, we have made arrangements whereby additional reprints are available—in leaflet form—at quantity rates of \$1.50 per hundred. Single copies may also be obtained, prepaid, at five cents each.

Full remittance must accompany all orders, which should be addressed to Reprint Editor, Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

mosquitoes, fleas. There are 7,000 species in all.

Together, they eat up annually nearly 1,700,000,000 dollars' worth of crops. The Jap beetle alone, a doubly despised villain, destroys 40 million dollars' worth of food. The codling moth (that's the worm in your apple) ruins 18 million dollars' worth of this fruit. And there's even a cigarette beetle that stows away inside cartons and riddles the tobacco so full of holes that the cigarette falls apart.

But insects do much more damage than that: They spread disease—malaria, typhus, dysentery. . . .

As destructive as all the insects put together is Brother Rat. There's one of him for every one of us in America today, and he's costing us annually 2,500,000,000 dollars.

He too carries sickness, gets into our corncribs and granaries, our shocks and sheaves and destroys our grain—150 pounds of it a year for each rat.

He eats chickens, corn, stored apples, and gnaws holes in sacks of stock feeds and bags of flour in our warehouses, feed stores and mills.

He is such a plague that whole cities have banded together to destroy him. Two years ago in Chicago everyone from relief workers to clubwomen enlisted in a drive that rid the city of over half of its two million rats. In Galveston, Texas, citizens spread a feast of poisoned hors-d'oeuvres to wipe them out.

Now war is making our country a paradise for these pests.

As grain fills the great bins of the Middle West, the number of rats sometimes jumps to six times normal. And grain beetles and moths also move in. As soldiers' wives store their furniture, the bugs—clothes moths, buffalo beetles, silver fish—attack.

In the woods of the deep South, malaria mosquitoes threaten the soldiers. Indeed, wherever large numbers

of men are concentrated in Army camps and industrial centers, there is the possibility of insects affecting their health and comfort.

Added to all this, there's the danger of invasion by fifth column vermin. These war days, rats are invading in greater numbers than at any other time in the past decade. They make their way on the old tramp steamers.

Insects, too, can slip through, hidden in wartime cargo. Along the Mexican border, where more vegetables are crossing than ever before, Uncle Sam has increased his corps of inspectors to keep out these pests.

But fighting the insects and rats on the farms and in the orchards and granaries—a lot of that is up to the youngsters now. And there's plenty of reason to believe they will do the job up brown.

Last year, when they answered an SOS to help collect scrap, they filled the nation's bins so full of aluminum, newspapers and scrap metal that as a reward, the government gave them the honor of naming 48 Liberty ships.

LEADERS OF THIS army of youth are the country's 1,570,000 Boy Scouts. Everything they touch turns to fabulous figures of success.

When President Roosevelt and Secretary Morgenthau asked them to distribute defense bonds and stamp posters, they hung up 1,607,500 signs.

They gathered so much paper (300 million pounds) that the WPB begged them to stop their "magnificent job" and pick up something else for a while. So they turned to rubber and

got together more than 30 million pounds in two weeks.

For the OPA and the OCD they collected 10,500,000 of the total 12 million pounds of aluminum in the whole nation.

And already, in a couple of minor skirmishes with vermin, the Scouts can say, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

In Washington, D. C., in September, 1941, health inspectors, alarmed at the outbreak of two cases of rat-bite fever, called on the boys to help kill the capital's 750 thousand rodents. They pitched in—set snares, put out poison baits and distributed hundreds of printed instructions for baiting and trapping the pests. In a few months, thousands of rats had been destroyed—the danger was over.

Another victory sounds the note for this spring's campaign. A victory won for an apricot orchard in the tranquil countryside near Chico, California. The boys moved in, bag and baggage, in June. They pegged their tents under shade trees near a little brook, rolled out spray rigs that look like collapsible steel fire towers—and opened their offensive, spraying the insects with tons of deadly chemicals.

The battle isn't always that dramatic, however. Last year, in a dozen Eastern states, Scouts went after the Japanese beetle. Since this fellow wears a suit of armor so tough no chemical has yet been found that can penetrate it, the Scouts picked the insects by hand off fruit trees and grapevines.

Out in Letts, Indiana, the boys attacked pests by sending a troop of

allies after them—a dozen coveys of quail which eat their weight in insects without batting a feather. The Scouts got the eggs from the game warden, borrowed a new hog house, built a wire run, fed the fledglings on lettuce and hard-boiled eggs, and a few weeks later turned out 140 quail, full-grown and fighting fit.

THERE ARE LOTS of ways to beat the vermin. Here are the most important maneuvers Boy Scouts will follow in their spring offensive. They are so simple any youngster eager to help his country win the battle on the insect front can do his share:

FIRST: Whether you are going on 9 or almost 18, you can help. Get in touch with your county agricultural agent or nearby farmers and find out what you can do in your community.

SECOND: Volunteer for reconnaissance duty to find out the strength of the insect enemies, so farmers can save scarce insecticides by knowing when and where to start fighting. In commercial orchards, hang screened traps from the boughs to catch the codling moths. Count them daily to see how fast they are concentrating on the trees.

On a pea or lima bean field, march down the rows, sweeping a butterfly net to catch the moths and insects. Make one sweep each 10 feet and dump the catch into a small bag. Turn the lot over to the farmer who can tell by the number how the battle is going.

Reconnoitre by squatting down and counting aphids or bugs on the leaves

of plants and reporting the number and kind of enemy forces.

THIRD: Help keep the weapons of attack ready for action. Most farm equipment is so simple, any mechanically minded youngster can oil it and get it in fighting trim.

FOURTH: If you can drive, volunteer to drive tractors or haul sprayers or dusters. On a small farm where hand dusters or sprayers are used, handle those to give the farmer a chance for more difficult jobs.

FIFTH: Wage a war against rats. Burn all rubbish in incinerators. Use covered garbage cans. Burn vegetation along ditch banks. Set snap traps in dark corners, close to walls. Bait the traps with tidbits of doughnuts, bacon, apple, melon, carrot or nutmeats (rats don't like cheese, believe it or not). Set out a little banquet for them in their favorite places: twist a pinch of squill and cereal in a scrap of paper and leave it on their runway. Borrow the hose from your mother's vacuum cleaner or a piece of lead pipe and attach it to the exhaust of the family car. Then back the car up to a rat hole and let 'em have a good dose of carbon monoxide.

SIXTH: Enlist in the fight against mosquitoes, especially if you live near a soldiers' camp. Drain or oil stagnant pools. Ring doorbells and ask your neighbors to drain the puddles and rainbarrels on their grounds.

SEVENTH: If your community is waging a campaign against grasshoppers, help mix and spread the bait. (It used to be molasses and poison—but with molasses scarce now,

new lures are being concocted by ingenious scientists.)

EIGHTH: Recruit the greatest fighters of insects in America, the birds. Ask farmers not to cut down the weeds along their fences till the fledglings have flown from their nests. Raise quail, pheasants and other game birds. Plant berry shrubs and keep bird feeding stations to attract birds.

NINTH: If you're 9 or 10, here's what you can do. Start a swat campaign against house flies and hang up a fly trap on the screen doors. Pick all the Japanese beetles you can find on the rosebushes and grapevines near fruit orchards or truck gardens. Pick potato bugs, tomato and tobacco worms by hand. Place small boards beside squash plants. During the day squash bugs and cucumber beetles will hide under the boards and can be destroyed daily. Help lick the codling

moth. Late in the spring, the little green apples, riddled by worms, fall from the trees. But the larvae go on living and fly out a few days later, to ruin more of the ripening crop. Even 9-year-olds can pick up these wormy green apples and prevent this.

TENTH: Join the fight against the clothes moths, for wool may be rationed soon. When your mother or a neighbor is storing her woolens, give her a hand. Hang blankets and sweaters in bright sunlight for three hours; brush them well, wrap them in paper, pack them in an airtight box, and sprinkle a few handfuls of raw naphthalene flakes across the top.

Do all these sound like simple chores? They are. But multiply them by the thousand and you'll get a victory over vermin—a victory that is imperative, for it is linked directly with the war itself.



War Against Rats

TO THE INHABITANTS of Tristan da Cunha, farthest flung outpost of the British Empire, the war means but one thing—that their supply of rat traps is in danger of being cut off. Since 1882, when a shipwreck brought the first brown rats to their lonely South Pacific island, they have waged an incessant war against the intruders. Then they had no cats, traps or poison with which to combat them and the rats multiplied so rapidly that one year half of the potato crop was destroyed

and it was futile to attempt to grow any grain. The people had to resort to "ratting days," when they all went out with clubs and massacred hundreds of rats.

If Tristan were not so far from the steamer lanes, the situation today might not be so critical. But as it was 1920 before the 156 inhabitants ever knew of the first world war, it is very doubtful today whether ships are going out of their way to bring them their desperately needed rat traps. —EDWARD JEROME VOGELER



There have been cases in which the show did *not* go on. George Cohan, whose love for baseball was historic, once played hooky from a matinee, confident that his capable understudy would carry on.

Cohan was enjoying the first inning when someone tapped him on the shoulder. He turned, to confront none other than the understudy, who had been equally confident that Mr. Cohan would be at the theatre.

"Aren't we giving a performance this afternoon, Mr. Cohan?" he asked.

"You bet we are—at least one of us is," replied Cohan. "Let's flip a coin. If it's heads, I'll try to make the matinee."

Heads it was. Cohan raced via taxi to the stage door, but the show had struck out when it became apparent that neither Cohan nor his understudy would appear.



Failure of actors to appear on the stage at the right moment has threatened to ring down many a curtain. Such an instance once challenged the wits of Maurice Evans.

His company was playing *Hamlet* in a provincial theatre, where the backstage w.c. was too noisy to permit actors to use it during scenes.

At the beginning of an act the King failed to appear, and Evans had to invent something to stall the scene.

Suddenly the unmistakable sound of flushing water issued from backstage, and he read the opening line:

"The King sits late tonight."



Noel Coward tells of the time he disobeyed doctor's orders to uphold the tradition that "the show must go on."

"Just before Christmas, I suddenly ran a 102-degree temperature. The doctor forbade me to play—but, fired with a never-say-die spirit, and secretly confident that I had only a bad cold, I insisted. The show went on. But so did the mumps, which I gave to 16 other members of the cast."



Clyde Beatty was putting his jungle-bred tigers and lions through their paces one evening when the lights in the big top went out.

Fearing that these natural enemies of the jungle might start a free-for-all, tear down the portable steel arena, and run amuck among the customers in the dark, he courageously remained in the cage at the risk of his own life during the "blackout," talking quietly to his 33 tawny actors. The big cage was blacked out for only 30 seconds, but Beatty admits that it was the longest 30 seconds he had experienced in his entire career.

—F. BEVERLY KELLEY

*Johnny Doughboy's a model guest the world over
—and here's why. He totes a shirt-pocket manual
on how not to step on the toes of his Allies.*



Etiquette in Khaki

by RUTH MOORE

A NEW STYLE good-will ambassador is working to solidify American foreign relations. He has never worn a cutaway or pin-striped trousers. In fact, he's not a professional diplomat at all. He's just a U.S. Doughboy, model 1943.

He takes off his shoes, though, before entering a bakery in Marrakesh, because he knows that bakers in Morocco slide loaves out of the oven onto the floor, and that customers object to having dirt tracked in from the street. And in Hong Kong he walks around, instead of stepping over, the lowered shafts of a ricksha—out of deference to a Chinese bad-luck omen. He also knows better than to “Hi, babe” a conventionally white-swathed Moslem woman.

In short, Johnny Diplomat is a model guest on an international scale.

The reason why the American fighting men have thus built a warm wel-

come for themselves wherever they've gone is found in a series of sprightly instruction booklets issued by the Army's Special Service Division to every soldier in a foreign port.

Instead of listing castles and monuments, this series of shirt-pocket manuals covers the customs of a country so thoroughly that our soldiers can do as the Romans do. Into less than 50 four-by-five inch pages is packed a collection of authoritative data that would put an encyclopedia to shame. Yet not a sentence is stuffy.

There are easy maps, handsome photographs, engaging cartoons. There are bright pages arranged like those stranger-than-fiction newspaper features. One such page in the guide to Australia, for instance, tells the doughboy: (a) Dinkum oil doesn't come from wells but is native slang for the “gospel truth”; (b) an insect kept Australia from being settled

sooner; (c) the Owen gun was invented by an Australian private.

Even those Yanks who barely passed their eye tests can grasp instantly via a series of amusing drawings some important DON'Ts in China. A grinning private cautioning a caricature of an enraged sergeant "Tsk! tsk! Not in China, Sarge!" emphasizes the lesson of the text that loss of temper means loss of *face*.

Just in case one of our soldiers comes up against a spy instead of an ally, the guidebook to the Orient also includes a feature on "How To Spot a Jap." It illustrates the distinctive features of the Jap: short, squat, lemon-yellow, fairly heavy beard, slanted eyes. But if an American is still in doubt, he's advised to try the word "lalapalooza" on him. That's a dead give away, because a Jap can't pronounce our L. An R-sound is the best he can manage.

IN THE BACK of each booklet is a glossary—handy not only in countries with completely alien tongues, but also in England. The first American soldiers in England caused quite a bit of embarrassment to themselves and to their hostesses before they learned that a closet wasn't a place to hang coats. Now, the Yank's guidebook tells him that there are no automobiles or street cars in England—only motor cars and trams; that suspenders are for holding up socks, not pants; that a drugstore is a chemist's shop, and a dime store a multiple shop.

In Ireland, it isn't so much the words themselves as the way they're

used. When an Irishman refers to a "girl" or "boy," he's apt to mean anyone from six months to 60, since an unmarried person there is a perpetual juvenile. If he tells his wife that she's "homely," he means she's a sweet and cozy person. "Just up the road a bit" is his standard reply for directing a stranger, and it usually adds up to several miles.

"English" in Australia is even more complicated, but with the help of his slang index, the U. S. soldier can manage a conversation with an Anzac. Like the following:

"Sarvo that bluey drogo stonkered a wouser!"

Give up? It's no wonder. "This afternoon that red-headed rookie knocked out a stuffed shirt" is the American equivalent, whatever *that* may mean.

At least one doughboy has been startled when an Aussie clapped him on the back with a "You barstud!" That's a term of affection to them.

What's cozy in one country often gets an icy reception in another. Moslems, for example, don't like a hearty handshake: "Do not pump his hand or squeeze too hard. Many of them, especially the city Moslems, have fine hands which are easily hurt."

By the same token, playful boxing is strictly verboten: "They do not know how to box—one right on the jaw would knock a Moslem down." In case a rambunctious Yank doesn't get the point, his guidebook to North Africa makes it even clearer: "Moslems fight with knives, and are probably a lot better at it than you are."

The books aren't at all prissy. The one on China advises our boys to pay no mind to children running naked or to "men and boys who relieve themselves wherever and whenever nature demands." Instruction to boys apt to be entertained by Moslems includes: "Eat only with the right hand. Moslems never use their left in partaking of food, because that hand is used exclusively in attending to the call of nature."

Such details may strike you as being trivial, but if a million or more men were to pull boners they might easily provoke a national allergy to anything American.

But thanks to the care with which the doughboy has mastered foreign etiquette, the favor is being returned. Already the hamburger and hot-dog are being tried by curious natives from Reykjavik to Tunisia. On the road from Sydney to Newcastle there's a sign advertising "Digger Danny's Toasted Dachshunds." Indian belles are as enthusiastic about jive as their

English sisters. And hooded Arabs in the blistering heat of the desert are still dreaming of a "White Christmas."

Some of the rules laid down by the guidebooks are tough to take—especially those concerning women in Yank-occupied territories.

"The modern Chinese girl, in her long, closely fitting gown, her bare arms and short hair, is often very pretty. Yet it is well to remember that in China the attitude toward women is different. Chinese women in some ways are more free than they are here in America—that is, they do some things which American women don't do yet. They are in the army, and they fight side by side with the guerillas. But in their relations with men they haven't the same freedom.

"There are Chinese girls in cabarets and places of amusement who may be used to free and easy ways. But the average Chinese girl will be insulted if you touch her, or will take you more seriously than you probably want to be taken."

A former Hollywood photographer, now with a signal corps unit in North Africa, reports that he still can't get used to calling out "Taghattu" when he enters a Moslem house or yard. That's a signal for any women present to "Cover up!" All his life, he's been taking pictures of bathing beauties!

Moslem women are carefully guarded from the public eye. When they go into the street they are swaddled from head to foot in a white wrapper, with a veil across their faces. For any AEF men who may be curious about the provocative contents of said swaddle,



there are the following instructions:

"Never stare at one.

"Never jostle her in a crowd.

"Never speak to her in public.

"Never try to remove the veil.

"This is most important. Serious injury if not death at the hands of the Moslem men may result if these few rules are not followed."

Yanks are the highest paid soldier in the world, notoriously not misers. Minor inflations were reported in a few instances before the boys got wise to the ancient and honorable art of haggling. Many a Far-Eastern merchant was shocked to the bottom of his beard when innocent doughboys accepted the first high price placed on a souvenir gimcrack. But now they know the ropes:

"If you pay what is asked, the shopkeeper will not respect you for it. If you argue him down too much, he would prefer not to sell to you at all. If you pay about half to two-thirds what he asks, he will admire you and enjoy the transaction."

It took Uncle Sam quite a while to realize that you couldn't turn hordes

of Americans loose on twenty-odd battlefronts and expect them not to make blunders which might undo all the good relations already established.

During the last World War, we didn't realize it. The parlay-voohing Yank of '17 was a Cain-raiser on leave. Small wonder the French people breathed a double sigh of relief when the Armistice was signed—one for the exit of the hated Boche, and the other for the departure of the boisterous Yank.

WE DIDN'T REALIZE it during the early part of this war, either. There were several instances of bad mistakes—bad from the standpoint of the entente cordial.

Take the episode reported in a Sydney bar, where a newly-arrived American soldier cracked to an Anzac: "Well, Aussie; you can go home now. We've come over to save you."

The Australian came right back: "Have you? I thought you were a refugee from Pearl Harbor."

Fortunately a riot was averted.

Or take the case of the Yank who didn't know about China's "squeeze system." It's a legitimate practice there to take a commission, and anybody who does buying for you adds 5 or 10 percent to the price for himself. This particular American was outraged, and lost face for himself and his comrades when he bawled out a coolie who kept the change.

Multiply such incidents by the estimated size of the AEF and you have a sure way how *not* to win friends and influence people—on a global scale.

Ruth Moore has pounded the typewriter since her high-school reporting days on the Santa Rosa Press Democrat. She estimates she netted somewhere near \$1.50 a month then, but in her own eyes she was a "hot-shot newspaperwoman." At the University of California, she wrote for the Little Theatre and tangled with anthropology—a study which led to digging up 1000-year-old Indians the next year. Since 1938, she has gone through a succession of odd writing jobs, which range from encyclopedic research to theatrical publicity and a food editorship.

Today's doughboy is proud of his country and of his record as a soldier, but he doesn't go around flaunting it. His guidebook warns him:

"The British soldiers are young men, just as you are, and just as full of beans. Hitler wants you *not* to get along together, and he has history in his favor; allies sometimes have had difficulty in getting along together. This is the time both to fool Hitler and to make history."

The guide to China makes the same point with regard to the *chiupa*, the Chinese edition of our doughboy: "For five years he and his comrades have kept a large part of the Japanese army occupied along a 2000-mile front. You have no reason to feel superior because you are better fed or better armed. On the contrary, give the Chinese soldier his due in admiration for his plain, common guts."

Every booklet repeats the plea for tolerance. That's a sound basis for any kind of entente, marital or martial, and the United States khaki-clad emissaries of good-will practice it in a hundred different ways.

The Yank may think that cricket is slow compared to baseball; that an Irish *valeta* is pretty dull alongside jitterbugging; that eating with your fingers out of the same bowl as your Moslem host is unsanitary; and that unchilled beer, the way it's preferred in most European countries, is lousy.

He just doesn't say so!

He doesn't laugh, either, when he sees grown men walking hand in hand in North Africa. It's their country and their custom. He has learned the major lesson of the new diplomacy:

"It is common decency to treat your friends well; it is military necessity to treat your Allies well."



The Barb Beautiful

¶ A bore cornered Ginger Rogers at a party, and after driving her frantic with many hours of dull conversation, asked—"Who is driving you home?"

"You are," Ginger snapped, and stalked out. —IRVING HOFFMAN

¶ My husband, who is in Africa with the American Field Service, opened a tin of Army fare in the sizzling desert, looked at its contents, and murmured:

"Hearty man eats a condemned meal." —MARGERY FRANK

¶ The woman was wearing a turban which coiled high into a towering peak in front. Said her ungallant escort—"My dear, you look like a unicorn packed for shipping."

—EPES SARGENT

One of the first casualties of war has been the swashbuckling foreign correspondent—Read why the old time hero-reporters have vanished



Scoops Are Out

by CHARLOTTE PAUL

IF RICHARD HARDING DAVIS were alive today, he would be out of a job. The man who covered the Spanish War in Cuba, the Greco-Turkish, Boer, Russo-Japanese and World Wars would be cold-shouldered in this war.

Remember when Floyd Gibbons drove all over northern Mexico in a special *Chicago Tribune* coach, with bandit general Pancho Villa's car, bathtub and all, hooked on behind? Or his sensational bomb-by-bomb descriptions of the Japanese campaign at Shanghai in 1932? You won't find such stories in your newspaper today.

These two men would be out of a job because they made up "news" when there wasn't any, riddled their reports of what actually happened with stories of what might have happened. In fact, they committed every "don't" in the book for 1943 war correspondence.

Take Floyd Gibbons' blood-cur-

dling descriptions of the bombing of Shanghai, reported from the front-line of the luxurious Cathay Hotel bar on Nanking Road.

The first time Shanghai was bombed Gibbons' paper (the *New York American*) hadn't heard from him for a week. On that gray midafternoon in 1932, a lone Chinese plane appeared to bomb the enemy ships in the harbor of the Japanese-occupied city. Instead, it overshot its mark and scored its hits in the shopping district next door to the Cathay Hotel. Blood spattered as high as the fifth floor of the hotel, wherein lay Mr. Gibbons, oblivious to all.

It was a telephone call from his paper in New York that finally woke him up. Holding his hand over the mouthpiece, Gibbons turned to the Chinese bar boy and asked what had been going on.

"Big bombing. Many people dead,"

the boy replied, intensely excited.

"Where?"

"International settlement. Right here. Nanking Road."

"Are you ready?" Gibbons shouted into the phone. "Take this down, my exclusive eyewitness report of the bombing of Shanghai. Here it is:

"The screams of innocent women in mortal pain and the cries of orphan children fill the air today after death and destruction fell on the occupied city of Shanghai. I have just come from that bomb-torn battlefield where the dead and the dying—"

Of course Gibbons had a scoop—but today it would be otherwise. There would be censors to check the veracity of his details. There would be stiff competition from "officer" reporters, better trained than a civilian to give the facts of battle. And there would be overwhelming odds in favor of the wire service reporters. If anything should happen to allow all reporters to get the same story at the same time, the whole purpose of the individual correspondent would then be destroyed.

So WHAT, you say—we'll still have the news just the same. What if private correspondents do disappear?

Yes, we'll have the news—but there'll be no more stories like H. R. Knickerbocker's account of MacArthur's escape from Bataan. Or like Stanley Johnston's eyewitness story of the sinking of the Lexington—or Keith Wheeler's exclusives on the first battles against the Japs in the Aleutians. You and the man next

door who buys a rival paper, and your cousin in Seattle and your wife's brother in Miami—all will be reading exactly the same news at exactly the same time.

Here's what will happen, what already is happening.

In the first place, wire service reporters are running private correspondents out of the business. The wire services have the same edge over staff writers for individual newspapers that chain stores enjoy over the little store at the corner: a huge organization can sell cheaper. A wire service sends reporters everywhere from Baluchistan to Times Square, and sells identical reports to hundreds of U.S. newspapers. The oldest and largest, the 42-year-old Associated Press, maintains a foreign staff of approximately 1,500 men and women, 100 of them ace American reporters, the rest native fact-gatherers. Even the largest private foreign staff, that of the New York Times, numbers only 25 correspondents and 12 clerks.

Consider the problem from a foreign editor's point of view. He must subscribe to some wire service, for his own private staff cannot hope to cover anything but the hottest news

Once a jill of all trades, Charlotte Paul recently settled on writing. Former occupations included teaching sculpture at 13, ballroom dancing during high school, a post-college stint in a feather factory, and finally a stretch as assistant foreign editor at the Chicago Daily Times. She now lives on a five-acre Illinois farm with her newspaperman husband. Other tenants number four rabbits, 10 hens, one rooster, 18 baby chicks, two puppies and 30 fruit trees.

centers. An AP franchise costs him about 65 thousand dollars a year, but the same sum will pay for only three or so private correspondents, when you add up salaries, expense accounts, cable tolls and salaries to the local men who rewrite the cables. One story may easily cost a paper 2,000 dollars or more, and chances are that a wire service man will be on the same beat with the private correspondent. Thus on the day that the costly "exclusive" appears, a thousand newspapers all over the country will carry virtually the same story by the wire-service reporter.

Also, the wire services can afford to spend money to make it. Where budget-conscious private correspondents conscientiously file their stories from telegraph offices, an AP correspondent often puts through long distance phone calls to New York long before he knows when a story will break, and keeps the wires open at about four dollars a minute until it does. In addition to this, War Department regulations give most of the plums to the wire services. Since their objective is naturally the widest possible distribution of news, the men representing the largest number of readers are naturally chosen when only two or

three correspondents may accompany troop moves.

The record proves this. When the British Admiralty agreed last October to accredit a civilian American correspondent to the home fleet, they pitched to the wire services. One correspondent representing the entire U.S. Press was assigned to the fleet and his dispatches were distributed through Associated Press, United Press and International News Service. When President Roosevelt made his first war-inspection tour, only three newspapermen were allowed to accompany him, each of them a wire service reporter.

Another bogey for the presumptive scooper is the new officer reporter. The Marines call him a "combat correspondent" and he is an armed serviceman with special journalistic training who reports actions in which he actually participates. As yet, the Army doesn't have them. The Navy has plans, but at this writing hasn't carried them out. Before long, however, there will be at least one combat correspondent with every Marine unit in the world.

This idea was the brain child of General Robert L. Denig, director of the Marine Corps Division of Public



Relations and "managing editor" of all combat correspondents. He felt that battles like Wake Island should not be reported in the stiff, colorless statistics of routine communiques but told by fighter-writers with a real feeling for their subject.

Already there are at least 60 of these men, who start as sergeants and for outstanding work may be promoted to technical sergeants. And since they are trained as soldiers first, and reporters second, they write with more accuracy than the private correspondent who covered the county courthouse last year and the Pacific ocean this. What's more, officer reporters know better what is censorable and can therefore simplify the expensive tangle of censorship.

BUT TO SCOOP-minded newspapermen, the officer-reporter system means just one thing—private correspondents may eventually be outcooped, outrun and outnumbered. The Marines say they give private reporters a break—when a marine and a civilian have the same story, the marine's report is supposedly held up in Washington for 24 hours. This is probably true. The catch is that as a fighting marine, the combat correspondent can go every place there's a fight, but as a semi-civilian the private correspondent cannot.

So the one-time glamor boy of journalism, who used to be such a lone wolf he couldn't ink his pen without writing an "exclusive," is taking a beating from a new opposition.

But even that's not the only catch.

Now there's the slow moving wartime censorship, too.

Say you are an ace reporter in Honolulu. Suppose you were aboard a U. S. carrier during a major engagement with the Japs. You left Pearl Harbor on two hours' notice and sailed into battle. After it, you wrote a story and submitted it to the captain. Well, from that moment you never touch your dispatch without a naval officer or censor leaning over your shoulder.

The story is locked in the captain's safe until you make port, where an officer convoys it ashore. At the naval press relations office, it is locked up again until the censoring—a two-time process, since both local and national censors have to pass on it. Finally the last censor—not you—takes it to the wireless office, where it is dispatched at last. But not to your newspaper as in the dear dead days—first to Washington where it will wait until such time as the authorities decide its publication will not endanger national security. The sinking of the Yorktown, for instance, was revealed three months after it occurred.

There's no way to beat this rap, either. And even if you could, the Army and Navy censors of your city would soon order your story dropped from the paper. Managing editors, also, are exceedingly wary of official wrath for telling too much too soon.

Yes, the very nature of war has landed a haymaker on all private correspondents. Naval or military actions cannot be reported while they are still "news." And when they can

be made public, correspondents can't write fast enough to scoop the official communiques. They can say it better, but they cannot say more than what Washington chooses to reveal.

There have been exceptions—Keith Wheeler of the *Chicago Times* landed by luck in the Aleutians, where he was the only newsman to cover the Jap attacks there. Leland Stowe of the *Chicago Daily News* had the honor of being the only correspondent invited on a tour of Russia's front line trenches. Stanley Johnston, brilliant reporter of the Coral Sea Battle, had the extreme good fortune, from a newsman's point of view, to be the only reporter aboard the Lexington when she was torpedoed and sunk in the South Pacific. His eye-witness

Credit is herewith extended to the following for photographs used in *Europe Underground*: Aeme Newspictures, Inc.; British-Combine Photos, Ltd.; Pictorial Publishing Co.; Vlahniac, Boury, Evans of Three Lions through Publix; Schostal Press Agency.

stories made newspaper history.

But by and large the days of color and individuality are over. Gone are the hair raising action stories written from bars. Today's foreign correspondents are sober members of the armed forces, complete with uniform and subject to military regulations and discipline. They do their job with stiff opposition and a brand new set of rules, hoping that they won't be displaced altogether.

Yes—Richard Harding Davis and Floyd Gibbons would have been fish out of water in the new set up!



Censorship

¶Japanese censors objected to the Hollywood version of *Madame Butterfly*, because the heroine kissing Lieutenant Pinkerton placed her arms around his neck in such a way as to bare her elbow. The Japs called this nudity.

¶The American Newspaper Guild once objected to the prevalence of impolite, intoxicated or unscrupulous reporters on the screen.

¶The British regularly censor all movie scenes in which animals even *appear* to be suffering—even though studios offer affidavits from humane societies proving that the effects were achieved without any pain on the part of the animals.

¶The Glass Blowers Association once complained that the movies were giving too much free advertising to canned beer. At the same time, the canning industry was insisting that the movies were over-plugging bottled beverages.

—LEO C. ROSTEN, *Hollywood* (Harcourt, Brace & Company)

Picture Story:



Europe Underground

by ALVIN J. STEINKOPF, Associated Press News Analyst

THE MAP of conquest is never final. Aggressor nations extend their boundaries and yet time and again History has seen these boundaries voided. For always beneath the yoke of oppression, there are the brave patriots who struggle against it, working for a future when freedom may live again.

These pictures tell the story of this war's patriots, the members of occupied Europe's Underground Movement. Taken secretly under threat of arrest, and smuggled out of the continent by escaping refugees, they are not examples of photographic art—only an accurate record of unparalleled heroism.

Alvin Steinkopf who brings you the facts behind these scenes recently returned from eight years as a European Bureau chief for the Associated Press. His intimate knowledge of the war and the people and leaders involved in it now qualify him as one of the top news analysts of station WBBM in Chicago.



When the Nazi scourge descended on the land, the plight of families like this one was common to Europe. Women and children wandered homeless, hopeless, barely alive in the smoldering ruins that the conqueror left them. Some tried to save a little . . .



loading their possessions on their backs, driving a cow down the long road of flight. But the road seemed to lead nowhere . . .



and security was something dimly remembered through a mist of suffering and privation. Others stayed in the cities . . .



feeding their misery on a meagre lump of bread. They gathered in pitiful groups . . . waited in food lines for hours. And always before them was the spectre of hunger. Thus they eked out their survival, knowing that for many there would be only empty hands.



Nor was hunger the only indignity. There was the loss of national pride. In Norway and Denmark, Belgium and France, hearts ached at the sound of the goose-stepping gray columns. And the people turned their faces from the path of the invader and the sight of his marching.



But for many there was no retreat. Once free men were forced to wear armbands to designate their beliefs—forced to clean the streets for their Nazi masters—forced to watch their families driven into exile.



Thus Europe relived the Dark Ages. And yet the vanquished refused a total surrender. For from a silent continent came rumors of resistance—of anti-Nazi movements everywhere organizing. Stories were told of secret hiding places for ammunition and underground literature . . .



wonderful stories of men and women who met at night in cellars, speaking to each other in the language of hope. It was their task to arrange the escape of prisoners, to plan reprisals, to spread what truth they could. And they were fearless, endless in their courage.



They worked alone or in small groups, under cover of night. Men everywhere were trained to do work like this French citizen, photographed cutting electric wires in a quarry near Marseilles. A risky assignment with death and reprisals as the odds.



Sometimes, on cloudy nights, farmers would steal forth and fell trees across the road so that German trucks and automobiles would crash. This was especially effective in regions where air raid precautions enforced driving with dimmed lights, and men could hide in the dark.



When they could, these strange hunters would stalk even bigger game. Conquered men had become masters in the art of train-wrecking, and many a fine string of Nazi supply cars was derailed enroute to some strategic destination. Fine wrecks like this were an Underground specialty.



Meanwhile there are the "little" incidents. In Norway, a Nazi bike is found damaged. A note on it taunts: "Bill Quisling for repairs."



Of course such exploits are celebrated in the underground publications—amazing little papers which come out with surprising regularity.



In Belgium, storm troopers found mysterious pots of flowers, placed on the street to commemorate the spot where a patriot was murdered.



And everywhere allied heroes are honored. The graves of fallen British airmen, for instance, are tended regularly and decked with flowers.



Often resentment is expressed in a lighter vein. At a remote bathing beach these women have traced signs with lipstick on each other's backs. At left the statement reads, "Down with the Nasjonal Samlung (Quisling Party) while the right plugs Haakon VII.



The more remote the location, the more open the defiance, of course. In the mountains, these Norwegians have boldly painted, "To Hell with the Nasjonal Samlung" on the wall of their cabin.



Naturally all underground activities are heavily punished—by execution, if the offenders are caught, or by mass reprisal as in the case of Lidice. Always when sabotage occurs, everyone near the scene of the crime is searched, many taken into custody.



Perhaps questioning by the Nazi police is the most feared of all punishments—for while the questioner grinds out his enquiry, he knows full well what will come after, knows that the whip brings its own reply in the scarred limbs of the crippled or dead.



For the lash of reprisal spares no one, and families and friends of the victim are often required to attend these public executions.



Even the children must learn how to die, as their price in the magnificent uphill fight out of the darkness. How well they know their lesson is proved by this 15-year-old French lad, waiting to be shot as a hostage.



Yet still Europe's growing underground continues its work. Thus when schools were occupied by German soldiers, the children studied in private homes—where a few steadfast teachers helped them to discover a world unswayed by the Nazi idea.



Often these children carry their defiance outside the classroom—like this Norwegian boy who risks his life by grinning a salute to his king. Yes, the youth of Europe will be ready to play its vital role in the work of reconstruction, and the building of the future they'll inherit.



Already they are learning to shoulder responsibility. This little Pogrom guard is about to warn his parents that Nazi storm troopers are approaching the Warsaw Ghetto.



And as the surge of resistance grows, public demonstrations become more frequent. When the national flag was defiantly raised over a Belgian town, a considerable crowd dared to gather and cheer. They even stayed to laugh at the chagrined Nazi who was forced to climb up and remove it.



Or when Général De Gaulle made his stirring appeal for a Bastille Day demonstration, 100 thousand patriots marched with flags through the streets of Lyons—bravely singing the Marseillaise. And crowds of sympathizers lined the pavements to applaud, despite the danger of arrest.



Or, in Greece, one year after Axis occupation, Greek students paraded to the statue of Xanthos. They even dared defy the armed German and Italian units which arrived to disperse them! (Note creases on this picture smuggled out under the belt of a refugee.)



Thus can a people in darkness struggle—until soon it will be the Nazis' turn to bury their dead—until soon the victor shall quail before the wrath of the conquered. For Europe is coming to life again!



Yes, though the road to freedom has been long and arduous, the end is already in sight. And with it, the dawn of an enduring peace.

Lest we forget: A year ago the soldiers of Bataan were giving their lives for America—this firsthand account of their courage stands now as a living tribute to them



Bataan Patrol

by COL. CARLOS P. ROMULO

ONLY A FEW of us who saw actual fighting on Bataan realized how vital was the part played by the night patrol. It was only after the Bataan battles ended that we conceived how valuable their work had been.

I went out on patrol one March midnight two weeks before the surrender of Bataan.

Eleven of us met in a thicket in the jungle and waited, lying on our bellies in the warm dust. Thin moonlight stabbing through the molave trees did not reveal us to one another. Our faces and hands, the tennis shoes some of us were lucky enough to wear and the bare feet of the others, our bayonets and other steel accoutrements, had been blackened with soot. On night patrol nothing must be allowed to reflect light and serve as warning to the Japanese.

The major in charge of our squad whispered the orders. Trees wore ears

on Bataan, and a Japanese sniper might be tied to one of the branches over our heads.

The major told us softly:

"Synchronize your watches."

We set them in the dark by their glowing hands and turned the luminous dials against our wrists. Metal belt buckles were turned inward.

The major whose face I could not see, and whose name I never learned, held his flashlight over a map spread on the ground. Our blackened faces drew together.

"Tonight we are going from here—to here." The major's sooty finger moved over the map. "We will deploy and go separately. We meet here again at four. Pass word—'belehele'."

The word was chosen for its "I's," impossible for Japanese to pronounce.

No more was said. In moments of high tension men avoid speech. But every man had our orders memorized

and each of us knew just what to do.

We waited in the dark without speaking. The piercingly insistent whirr of the cicadas was everywhere in the trees, and an enemy plane was droning somewhere overhead. From the shore two miles away came the rattle of our own artillery firing on Japanese barges.

The air was hot, sultry, heavy with dust. Our ragged uniforms were stiff with sweat and dirt, and our ears and nostrils were filled with dust. But every instinct was being honed to razor sharpness as we waited for the order to go. Nerves tightened. Our hearing was more acute. Even our nostrils had a new awareness of scent like those of an animal.

We were only one squad in the night patrol. All over Bataan Peninsula, this night and every night, groups of men with blackened faces waited in similar thickets for the moon to set before starting out. The officers in charge were selected for their ability to walk without sound, to see with the perceptiveness of cats in the night, to determine the presence of men or objects, as if by instinct.

Each sector had its own patrol.

These were the advance feelers of the Filamerican army. They were

made up of American and Filipino volunteers. Some carried rifles, and others, tommy-guns. Occasionally three men would take along a machine gun. But their mission was to inform rather than to fight.

Each night it was the mission of the patrols to find out how far the Japanese had advanced during the day and what changes had been made in their lines. Had they received reinforcements, and if so, how many? Did they seem to be planning to attack, and if so, how soon? Had they brought up any new weapons, tanks or artillery? Did their preparations indicate a front or flanking attack?

Also, while it seemed impossible, it was essential to learn in what trees the Japanese snipers were hiding, and how far their sentries had penetrated into our lines. We had a fairly accurate way of locating the sniper bands. The manner in which our dead or wounded were hit indicated their hiding places.

Suddenly the pale sky-patches showing through the thick trees blackened as if some one had thrown a switch. Night pulled its dense mantle over the jungle.

The major's whisper seemed to come out of nowhere: "Let's go!"



We stood up. The others melted silently into the darkness. Each man went alone because a single man is harder to hit.

I followed the major. He did not want me with him. I was green to patrol work, and all the others were experienced scouts. But I was going to bring back a report for Lieutenant General Jonathan M. Wainwright.

The patrols had been Wainwright's babies even in the days before MacArthur left us and now, in his headquarters on Corregidor, he was showing anxiety for them. Were they going out as regularly and as daringly as when he had been on Bataan?

I was going to find out for "Skinny" Wainwright.

So I moved under the trees in the wake of the major, following him not by any sense I had known before, but by some new instinct that is probably similar to that of a jungle animal. Never before had I known that animal-like awareness. My belly felt tight and hard. Every nerve seemed muted and sensitive to sound.

There is a trick to walking that I had practiced carefully before volunteering for patrol. My feet felt their way as cautiously as hands in their rubber soled shoes. The heels pressed down and then the ball of the foot followed softly under the body's weight. Death might wait in the crackling of a leaf.

We followed the roads, walking on the hill slope above them to avoid the Japanese sentries. Step by step we skirted a hill and came to a clearing. Somehow we knew it was a

"... through the bloody haze of Corregidor's last reverberating shot, I shall always seem to see a vision of grim, gaunt ghostly men, still unafraid."

—General Douglas MacArthur

clearing, dangerous to cross. Our senses were sharpened by danger, but those of our Japanese enemies were equally keen. Homma's men were well trained in jungle warfare.

We lowered ourselves to the ground and began crawling. The field had been ploughed by some Bataan farmer before the war for a rice paddy. The sharp-bladed cogon grass had grown and dried in the rough terrain. It was like crawling over a field of open scissors.

I pulled myself hand over hand through a puddle of filth and knew it for water-buffalo dung. How would I ever wash the stuff off, I wondered disgustedly! We didn't even have water to shave with on the Rock. Well, perhaps the smell would fool the keen-nosed Japanese sentries.

The major lay still. I crawled up beside him. He moved closer and put his mouth to my ear.

"We're a hundred yards behind the Japanese lines."

I whispered, "How can you tell?"

He answered, "I can smell 'em!"

I realized that the major was surprised to find we had penetrated Homma's lines to such a dangerous extent. The Japanese had advanced 100 yards, then, since last night.

The major began crawling again, toward the nearby forest. I had to

follow. He seemed to know just where the tropical vines swung down like lariats, where a root looped under his feet, or a tree trunk stood in his way.

THEN IN THE SHADOW that was deeper than shadow, I saw other forms moving toward us. I felt the hair rise along my back like that of an animal in danger. The form of the major melted into these shadows and I realized that men of his own squad were meeting him according to his orders, long after midnight, behind the enemy lines.

Don't ask me how they managed to arrive over separate trails at this jungle rendezvous. I knew, rather than saw, that every member of the squad had assembled and that every man's bayonet was readied. We advanced with our steps slow-motion into the clearing in the bamboo thicket. From this hillside spot the Japanese would command a wicked range by daylight over our own front lines.

Before us my eyes made out a long fox hole covered with a camouflage net. It was a Japanese machine gun nest. Beyond were other fox holes.

Suddenly two of our men darted forward, ripped back the net with their bayonets and sprang in on the Japanese crew. The major and one of the patrols covered the nest, their guns vomiting fire. The night split with a rattle of rifle shots and the screams of men.

All around us Nipponese cries of alarm spread like popping firecrackers. We had aroused the Japanese line. And we were behind that line!

Carlos P. Romulo, aide-de-camp to General MacArthur, formerly owned four newspapers and two radio stations in the Philippines. In 1935, he had the honor of being awarded an LL.D. at Columbia University along with President Roosevelt. He also won the Pulitzer Prize in 1941 for his articles on the Far East, and has twice been vice-president of Rotary International.

We had deliberately walked into a trap and sprung it upon ourselves.

I stood there in the dark not knowing what to think or what to do. I did not dare fire for fear of hitting some of our own squad. I was too green to patrol duty to realize that the Japanese soldiers were being handicapped by the same fear. They had been taken by surprise and had no idea what sort of hell was erupting in the fox hole.

The trench was a bedlam of shots and screams of agony. I could not see what was going on in there, but the major and his companion jumped in to the aid of the two patrols and I learned later that every Japanese crew member was shot or bayoneted to death and that one of our boys was badly hurt. The major came crawling out of the fox hole, pulling the scout up after him. The other two did not leave the fox hole. They were dead.

All this time—it seemed like a long time although it was only a matter of seconds—the shadowy cluster of patrols had withheld their fire. Now the rest of our squad crouched in a group to the left of the nest and began firing at random over the Japanese line to attract the enemy fire. Under cover of this distraction the

major dragged his boy out of the thicket and into a bomb crater. They hid there while the others retreated as soundlessly as they could.

After the excitement died down and the Japanese had given over attempting to locating our patrols in the dark, the major brought the boy back to a spot where a stretcher was cached. Once the scout knew he was safe, he began cursing in Tagalog.

"Anyway, I got two of 'em!" he said with satisfaction.

He had been shot through the thigh and pierced through both legs by a bayonet thrust. He was unable to walk. But not once had he so much as whimpered.

At four that morning, at the spot we had set out from a few hours before, our squad again gathered quietly in the darkness under the thick molave trees. The others had made their separate ways back to safety.

The major announced in whispers the death of his two patrols and the wounding of the third.

Then each patrol reported in turn what he had seen.

"I saw more Japs tonight than

last night in our sector—at least 50 per cent more." "They are bringing up tanks and flame throwers." "They are massing their troops and have advanced 150 yards in the hill section." "There is constant advance. They are preparing to attack."

We separated then, some to snatch a little sleep in the nearest command post, and others to fox holes in preparation for the Japanese onslaught.

Only two out of the eleven that set out had failed to return to our lines. That was not a bad percentage for night patrol.

Many were killed and many captured on such forays. One patrol of eight left our lines when darkness fell and did not return by sunrise. Our scouts went out to look for them. Three of the eight were found in a creek. They had been ambushed by the Japanese, their hands bound behind them, and bayoneted from behind. The other bodies could not be found in the water, but it was apparent that every member of that patrol had been caught and butchered.

But that was the chance a man took on Bataan patrol.

The Socratic Reply

WHEN THE editor of an Ohio county seat newspaper mailed a notice to one Bill Jones to remind him that his subscription had expired, the note came back with the scrawl: "So's Bill." —MARK OSBORNE

KIPLING ONCE received a cablegram from an editor who had accepted a story of his: "A character cannot drink whisky in our pages. Kindly change." He cabled back: "Substitute Mellin's Baby Food." —FROM *Insults* (GREYSTONE PRESS)

One of the most startling ideas ever discussed in *Coronet*—the possibility of telepathy between loved ones separated by war



Bridge Across Absence

by HAROLD M. SHERMAN

EDITORS' NOTE: *Seldom has an article piqued our curiosity as has that herewith presented. The mass experiment which it invites is one of the strangest we have ever encountered. Naturally we don't ask readers to "believe it." We don't ourselves. But we were sufficiently impressed to find ourselves wanting to try it—which is, in fact, all Mr. Sherman asks. If you do try telepathy, incidentally, won't you let us know what results, if any, you may have? Then, if enough readers respond, we'll report on results in a future issue.*

I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE how to tell you this.

What I am going to suggest will seem nonsense to some of you, amusing to others, and believable immediately to a few.

I don't want to start an argument. I'm not insisting that I'm right. I'm not trying to make the skeptics believe. I'm asking only one thing—a willing suspension of disbelief while reading this article.

I am going to suggest that the

wives and sweethearts of the men in our armed forces try to keep in touch with them through mental telepathy.

Maybe that's fantastic—but maybe it isn't. Bear with me a while.

Many of you, perhaps, were struck as I was by the recent *Coronet* piece about the woman whose husband was transferred to a secret military base. It would have been months before he could have told her his address, but one night in a dream she saw a letter from him. On the envelope was the return address. The next day she wired her husband at the dream address. It was delivered promptly, as her dream was absolutely accurate.

How can you explain that? Was it mere chance, a whim of the fates?

Of course you are entitled to your own opinion, but in the absence of any evidence to the contrary you could adopt the explanation that the woman's dream was correct because

she was receptive to the thought wave her husband started when he learned his address.

That extra-faculty receptivity is not merely a scientific hoax. In the now-famous Duke University experiments which have been documented by textbooks and publicized by countless magazines, Dr. J. B. Rhine conducted thousands of tests. In one room he placed a student and gave him a pack of 25 cards with five different types of faces. Included were a circle, square, cross, star and wavy line. In another room that was either adjoining, on the next floor or several miles distant, he placed another student who was asked to list what cards he thought the first student was concentrating on in each unit of time.

The results, checked by fellow scientists, showed that apparently the student receiving the impressions made the correct choice too often for the results to be dismissed as mere chance.

Thus, you see, you don't have to be ashamed to try mental telepathy. It's a subject that has concerned some of our best minds in the last 200 years.

One of the most amazing experiences in this field has been attributed to Emanuel Swedenborg, an 18th century savant who made a journey in 1759 from England to Gothenberg. Upon his arrival, he suddenly informed his host and 15 other guests at a party that a dangerous fire had broken out in Stockholm, 300 miles away. He expressed fear for his own home and named a friend whose house was already in ashes. Two hours later he announced that the fire had been

stopped when it reached a point three doors from his own dwelling.

Messengers arrived from Stockholm later in the week. The reports they carried about the fire corroborated Swedenborg in every detail.

I MYSELF have been involved in several experiments which I cannot explain except by using the term telepathy. Maybe you will have your own explanation. Let me tell you.

When Sir Hubert Wilkins, the famous explorer, went on an Arctic expedition in 1937 he agreed to attempt a transmission of his thoughts from the wilderness to me in my New York studio 3,000 miles away. Three nights a week I tried to establish contact with him. I recorded my impressions of the events which it seemed to me were happening to him, and sent them to Columbia University's parapsychology department, to be held and later checked against Wilkins' log.

There was no possible means whereby he could inform me immediately of the events that occurred on his trip. Air mail, of course, was out of the question, and mechanical difficulties prevented short wave radio from being effective. And yet, on the night that Wilkins was attending a ball after being forced down on his flight north, I recorded "social occasion—much conversation—Wilkins appears to be in evening dress . . ." On the night that an Eskimo's shack was burning near Wilkins' hut, I recorded "I seem to see crackling fire in the darkness—get a definite fire impression as though house were burning—

you can see it from your location on ice . . ." The day that he spoke to school children, I recorded "I see you in connection with a school, standing in front of blackboard . . ."

I sent my impressions immediately to Columbia. I did not wait for news of Wilkins to trickle down. And yet, in a great many instances, I knew what was happening to him—even though the five ordinary senses which I possess were separated from him by thousands of miles.

I may not be correct, but I can only say that to me it appears that a sixth sense—a sense enabling minds to establish contact no matter what the distance between them—was in operation between Wilkins and me.

It is this sixth sense that always causes a stir of opposition when it is mentioned. And yet I would like to point out that the five accepted senses—your hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting and touching—are not always to be relied upon.

For instance, when you look down a railroad track the rails appear to converge in the distance. Your mind, however, tells you this is impossible. Picking up dry ice gives you the feeling of being burned. Your mind tells you that you are being frozen. When you look in the mirrors in a fun-house your body appears contorted. Your mind tells you no.

So don't be too hide-bound to the idea that only what occurs to the five senses is real. There *may* be a sixth—and it may be the faculty that you can use to conquer distance and time and be with your husband or

sweetheart wherever he may be. Separations demanded by war are excellent occasions to exercise an open-minded skepticism about telepathy and determine if it can be useful to you.

I AM NOT at all sure that I can chart a sure-fire method of putting this faculty at your command. I can, however, suggest certain basic components which seem to me to be necessary in establishing contact.

As an illustration of these components, let me cite the way that most of us feel in the last 30 seconds before we go to sleep. We have completely relaxed our bodies and our minds. We are not conscious of our physical attributes—neither are we concerned with the problems that worry us in our waking hours. In reality, we are conscious of nothing.

For mental telepathy the same approach is necessary. We must relax the physical body, free the conscious mind of thought.

But America is a busy country—in war time, more so. Most of us find it difficult to relax. For that reason I am going to show you one method that may help you.

Take as comfortable a position in an easy chair as you can. If you wish, stretch out on a couch or bed. Fix the attention of your conscious mind on one of your legs, and then raise it by an effort of will. Then let it drop—but as it drops release the focus of the mind on that leg. Do the same with the other leg, then with the arms. These actions should aid you to free the mind from awareness of the body.

In relaxing the mind for telepathy I suggest that you make use of a device which I have found helpful. Imagine that you are in a theater before the performance has begun, and that all you can see is a blank, white motion picture screen. Fix your attention on that screen. Do not let the attention be drawn to anything else, and suddenly this concentration on a focal point will rid your mind of all irrelevant and confusing thoughts.

I emphasize that you do not have to go through this exact approach. The point involved is that you must relax both the physical body and the mind. Perhaps you can do this best by sitting at a desk and looking at a blank wall. Perhaps your concentration is so good that with a single effort you will be able to blot out consciousness of both body and worries.

However you do it, you are ready to begin the telepathy experiment when the relaxation has been accomplished.

Still keeping your focal point in mind, fix your attention upon the individual from whom you hope to receive telepathic impressions. Your attitude should be impersonal, with all of your emotions stilled. Free yourself of any fears, worries, desires or imaginative feelings of your own. Let your inner consciousness be receptive

to the thought waves or impulses from the mind of the sender.

These waves will come to you in one of three forms, or in variations of all of them. You will either see, or feel, or know what the sender is concentrating upon. In each instance you must interpret in your own words what you sense to be impressions. Write each one down, as it comes, and then clear your mind for the next one.

Once you thoroughly understand this technique, you can either write of it to your man in the service, or else

clip this article and send it to him. Arrange definite times each week when you will be receptive and when he will attempt to project his thoughts to you. I suggest that he send for the first 15 minutes, while you receive, and that you send him your

mental pictures and thoughts in the second 15 minutes. Sending, incidentally, is nothing more than *willing* your thought to be received by someone else.

You should not, in any one test reception period, go beyond the point of physical or mental fatigue. That will bring back into the consciousness thoughts of the body—and that will ruin the experiment.

After your experiments, you should exchange letters with your communicant in order to verify impressions. If your man has not yet left for the serv-

Book Excerpt for May

WOLF CHILDREN

by the Rev. J. A. L. Singh

One of the strangest documents ever recorded by man!

ice, you can practice now and determine telepathy's applicability to you.

There will be times, of course, when your man, involved in the requirements of war, will not be able to keep his appointment. But you will find that if contact has previously been established, you will get impressions just the same.

In the early stages of attempting to utilize telepathy, you may get a surprising and verifiable exchange of thought. It is much more likely, however, that you will only feel an indescribable sense of nearness. If this feeling persists, you will be apt to get flashes of events occurring to your man. Thus can telepathy come to you.

I must urge a word of caution on you. It is only human to fear for the safety of our friends and relatives when they are away at war. But do not let your fears excite your imagination and bring you false picturings of tragedy. If you receive what seems to be an adverse impression, do not jump

to conclusions. Simply make a record of what comes through to you and do not worry. Consider telepathy as only an experiment, and wait for letters or official announcements to confirm your receptivity.

As I said in the beginning, I'm not exactly sure of the best method to introduce you to telepathy. I can promise you nothing. I ask only that you have a suspension of disbelief and, while making the experiment, have faith and patience. Through it you may come to know that time and space can never really separate you from your loved ones. I hope so.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

NEW FRONTIERS OF THE MIND
by Dr. J. B. Rhine \$2.50
Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., New York

TELEPATHY
by Eileen Garrett \$2.50
Creative Age Press, Inc., New York

THOUGHTS THROUGH SPACE
by Sir Hubert Wilkins and
Harold M. Sherman \$4.50
Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York



They Say

Alfred G. Buckham: "Monotony is the awful reward of the careful."

G. K. Chesterton: "An adventure is only an inconvenience rightly considered."

G. B. Shaw: "Except during the nine months before he draws his first breath, no man manages his affairs as well as a tree does."

Robert Ingersoll: "Most people can bear adversity; but if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power."

James Russell Lowell: "Whatever you may be sure of, be sure of this: that you are dreadfully like other people."

—ELEANOR A. CHAFFEE

Yankee Doodle

Portfolio of Personalities

Writers of War Songs

by ELLSWORTH NEWCOMB

AT LEAST ONE major battle hymn has emerged from every American war, though sometimes the song antedated the conflict which made it famous, such as the Revolution's *Yankee Doodle Dandy*.

What is destined to become America's great marching song of this war is anybody's guess. So far, since Pearl Harbor, martial-minded tunesmiths have turned out hundreds of candidates, many of them already retired to oblivion.

Composers and propagandists face the fact that it's tough to write music for a global war, in which fighters ride more than they march, and scattered fronts result in vast diversities of experience.

Ask heroes returning from battle lines what they've been singing there, and you get a bewildering array of answers. Some list holdovers from the World War or veterans like the *Marine Hymn*, *Caisson Song* and *anchors Aweigh*. Some, like Doolittle's bombardier, who is said to have sung *Poor Butterfly* as he unloaded a bomb-load on Tokyo, just go plain nostalgic. All include some fresh new ditties in their hit parades.

Meet then the men who composed the fighting songs which are being hummed today. Perhaps one among them will reap the plaudits for authoring the tune to which America will march to victory.

Irving Berlin

When the Army needed a musical score for *This Is The Army*, they just naturally drafted Irving Berlin, Dean of Tin Pan Alley, for the job.

Who could forget the score he wrote for *Yip Yip Taphank*, America's soldier-production of the last war? Or, *Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning*, the show's hit tune which endeared him to the heart of every doughboy?

When his commission came, Berlin retired to Camp Upton to work quietly. The songs he emerged with a few months later—*I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen* and *This Is The Army, Mr. Jones*—are now musical history.

To top this performance, he hibernated for a few more days and turned up with *White Christmas*, the song the melody industry calls "the biggest song hit in 10 years."

Berlin, who perhaps has done as much as any man living to popularize jazz, a characteristically American music, is an import to this country.

He was born in Russia in 1888, the son of a rabbi, came to this country at the age of four, and grew up in a tenement on New York's East Side. Perhaps that's why he knows the kind of tunes people like to sing, and the things they like to sing about. He had to. He sang for pennies on street



corners and in cafes, and his audiences demanded their money's worth.

His first song netted him royalties of just 37 cents. After a few minor successes he hit the jackpot with *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, credited with bringing jazz out of America's obscure gin-mills into respectable haunts as "popular music."

A thin, dark, little man, Berlin is inherently shy, except when discussing music. Then he waxes eloquent. When an idea for a song strikes him, he labors day and night with prodigious energy which exhausts his colleagues.

He writes words and lyrics at the same time on a piano with a transposing keyboard which he invented 20 years ago to offset his inability to play in any key but F sharp.



Frank Loesser

Whether rooted in fact or fable, *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition* celebrates the first legend to emerge from the present war.

Legend has it that a chaplain made the quip while under fire at Pearl Harbor. Whatever its origin, Frank Loesser, crack lyric writer for Paramount films, jotted it down as a likely tune title, later polished off the song which was destined to resound throughout America and her far-flung outposts.

Not content to merely write his nation's songs, Loesser has since joined the Air Corps, to pass some ammunition on his own.

Born a New Yorker, he attended City College, drifted into journalism, and at 18 was hailed by Walter Winchell as Manhattan's youngest city editor. Soon he owned a paper of his own—*The New Rochelle News*.

Thereafter for a living he wrote publicity for *Journey's End*. For fun, he whipped up lyrics for vaudeville songs. They proved so catchy that Leo Feist's Music Publishing Company signed him up to write the scores for several movie productions.



His first sure-fire hit, *I Wish I Were Twins*, was followed by *Junk Man*, *Moon of Manakoor*, *Two Sleepy People*, and *Jingle, Jangle, Jingle*. A Yankee airman in Chungking recently was amazed to overhear the latter swung in Chinese.

Loesser turns out his melodies on a scratchpad liberally decorated with treble clefs and scraps of doodling. He chain-smokes while working. Unlike many song writers who are strictly one-finger pianists, he plays a good piano.

With Jimmy McHugh he has just completed tunes for the Technicolor film *Happy Go Lucky*. You will hear them sung by such popular warblers as Mary Martin, Rudy Vallee, Dick Powell and Betty Hutton—and, probably, the whole nation.





Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane

Right atop the service man's hit parade is *Buckle Down, Buck Private*, by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. Those who saw the revue *Best Foot Forward* will remember it as the song *Old Winsocki*, this time thinly disguised in uniform.

Not much past voting age, the combine of Martin and Blane already has such sophisticated scores to its credit as numbers from *Du Barry Was a Lady*, *The Boys From Syracuse*, and *Louisiana Purchase*.

They first collaborated as singers



in Ed Wynn's *Hooray For What*. When they found that their talents and ambitions dovetailed nicely, and went to work on that theory, they quickly rose from anonymity to the exclusive ranks of the better vocal arrangers and song writers.

Blane became a musician via Northwestern University, where he first discovered he could sing. At a later date he made an auspicious professional debut with the St. Louis Opera Company.

The more precocious Martin, on the other hand, at the age of five played a good piano as the youngest pupil at the Birmingham Conservatory of Music.

Subsequently, with a jazz band to back up his piano, he rolled on down to Rio, where he met Carmen Miranda, long before they both appeared in *Streets of Paris*.

Oliver Wallace

"Most good popular tunes write themselves," claims such an authority as Oliver Wallace, who wrote *Der Fuehrer's Face* for Walt Disney's production of the same name.

It took him precisely one hour and a half to compose his Bronx-cheer insult to the Nazis, words and music included.

And this is how he did it. Disney called him into his office and outlined the proposed new picture. He needed a funny song about Hitler for it, he said.

Ollie went away wondering—"What's funny about Hitler?"

"His face, of course," he replied to himself.

From then on in, this first great

comic song of the war wrote itself. Goering himself had boasted: "They'll never bomb this place," and Goebbels that "the Nazis will own this world in space."

"So you see," says Wallace, "the Nazis themselves dictated the lyrics."

Nothing seemed more appropriate, under the circumstances, than a background of music played as only a corny German band would play it.

Born in London, Wallace studied at the Chicago School of Music, spent 25 years as a theatre organist and musical director, and authored countless allegorical dramas, poems and songs, before he joined Disney in 1936. Together with this musical talent he brought to Hollywood his wife, Claire Burch Wallace, former member of the music faculty at the University of Washington.

In his list of best-selling songs, Wallace can include *Hindustan*, *There's a Song In My Heart*, and *When I See an Elephant Fly*, from *Dumbo* (for which he was musical director). He also composed the *Tankee Doodle Spirit* for the U. S. Treasury Department's film *The New Spirit*.





Sammy Stept and Eddie DeLange

This Is Worth Fighting For was the joint product of Sammy Stept and Eddie DeLange.

Stept (who with Charlie Tobias and Lew Brown wrote that contemporary classic *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree*) grew up in Pittsburgh. At 19, Sammy settled down to a stint as a pianist for a minor vaudeville skit.

By 1928, he prospered enough to organize his own music publishing firm. But deciding his real talent lay in writing, he sold his enterprise and headed for Hollywood. While there, he penned lyrics for more than 20 musicals, including George White's *Music Hall Varieties*. He was responsible for *I'll Always Be In Love With You*, *That's My Weakness Now* and *Comes Love*.

The idea for *This Is Worth Fighting For* hit him one night as he listened to a refugee broadcast. To set his words to music, he called in Eddie DeLange, who had scored the melodies for *Heaven Can Wait*, *Moonglow*

and *Haunting Me*, among others. As a student at the University of Pennsylvania, his talents had been turned down four years in a row when he tried out for the Masque and Wig Show. Undismayed, he graduated from college to Hollywood and a career as a comedian and stunt man. On the side he turned out tunes. Eventually he landed on Broadway, a full-fledged writer of song hits, and in 1942 had the last laugh on Masque and Wig. Together with a former classmate, he wrote the entire score for its 55th annual production.





Volunteers for Humanity

by BARBARA HEGGIE

FREDERICK II, thirteenth century Roman emperor, once took two knights and gave them identical meals. One of these knights he then sent out hunting and the other he ordered to bed. A few hours later he killed them both and examined the contents of their stomachs. He discovered that the sleeping knight's digestion had proceeded further, and concluded that an after-dinner nap was beneficial.

Twentieth century Americans may shudder at this, one of the earliest recorded experiments in which human guinea pigs were used. Recently, however, hundreds of Allied human guinea pigs have been risking an end just as final as that of the knights. People of all ages—from leaders of nations to convicts—have voluntarily offered themselves as subjects for experiments which may further the success of our war effort.

The most exalted of these human

guinea pigs has been Dr. Juan Negrin, last Loyalist prime minister of Spain, who is now a refugee in London. He is one of the 20 exiles who have been assisting Dr. J. B. S. Haldane, the celebrated British physiologist, in his extremely dangerous and painful experiments to determine how a man will react to the terrific pressure in escaping from a submarine.

Sometimes for hours at a stretch Dr. Negrin and the other volunteers have been cramped into a small steel chamber. There they have undergone severe convulsions, suffered almost unendurable headaches, and have been in frequent danger of death from air embolisms. One physiologist lay for some time on a bed of cracked ice to determine the combined effects of cold and pressure. Other courageous Britons have deliberately undergone the agonies of thirst to ascertain how long desert troops can go without water.

Some of the most important human guinea pig experiments are being carried on in the Louse Laboratory of the Rockefeller Foundation's International Health Division. In all of history's wars, the louse has spelled horror and death to millions in the form of typhus.

The louse feeds on human blood, and flourishes where there is a conspicuous absence of soap. When lice suck up typhus germs with the blood of infected human beings, they carry the germs to other victims. A typhus victim is not a pretty sight. About 12 days after the louse bite he gets fever, headache, chills, leg and back pains. His face flushes, he becomes delirious and sometimes maniacal. His dried skin shows angry rashes, and finally he lies unconscious, his tongue brown and his pulse feeble. Frequently his temperature rises to 108 or 109 degrees before he dies.

Inoculation against the disease is possible, but also expensive and unreliable. So the Rockefeller scientists concentrated on preventive measures. First they raised in their laboratory a fine crop of healthy, typhus-free, lice.



Five medical students from New York University presented themselves daily at the laboratory and spent a couple of hours with trousers rolled to the knee while 1,000 critters fed on their blood. The Foundation had a two-fold objective. First they wanted to map a full life history of the louse. Secondly, they wished to discover an insecticide powder which would be simple, safe, cheap, and above all, applicable on a large scale. When they had devised six substances which they thought might fit these qualifications, they next looked around for a group of beloused humans to try the powders on.

Accordingly last summer Dr. William Davis descended on a conscientious objectors' camp in New Hampshire to ask for 30 volunteers to infest themselves with lice. The desired quota was whisked away to a distant wilderness, where they were handed lice-infested clothes and commanded not to take them off, day or night. These lice had lusty appetites, and although the days were endurable while the men were roadbuilding, the nights were filled with scratching and pungent remarks. Even worse than the biting was the filth. After the first 24 hours, one red-eyed c.o. begged to take just a quick shower. That was taboo, but Dr. Davis did allow the men a swift dip in the brook every few days. Then mercilessly he hurried them back into their clothes before the lice wandered away.

After 10 "lousy" days Dr. Davis trotted out the half-dozen insecticide powders and tried them on the men.

One of them was found to bring complete relief to a cootie-ridden unfortunate within 48 hours.

Even children are taking their place among the ranks of human guinea pigs. Measles, it seems, is a serious wartime problem, for isolated farm boys who grow up without ever catching it become infected when crowded into Army camps. During the last war, pneumonia, following on the heels of measles, was an everyday cause of death among our forces.

In September of 1940, Dr. Joseph Stokes, Jr. of the University of Pennsylvania's medical school, and Geoffrey William Rake of the Squibb Institute for Medical Research, announced that they had a successful measles vaccine. Active virii had been obtained from the throat washings or blood of measly tots and, after a complicated laboratory process, the vaccine was ready for use. An appeal was then sent out for two groups of children, one to be vaccinated, the other not, and then both to be inoculated with the active virus. The groups were easily mustered, for parents knew that 98 per cent of all children catch measles sooner or later, anyway, and they might as well have it when all complications could be carefully avoided. The tests were a complete success. All the unvaccinated moppets came down with the malady. Those who had been vaccinated were immune. Once more the human guinea pigs, or rather, piglets, had served their country well.

The most fantastic suggestion whereby humans might be utilized to

further laboratory experimentation comes from Russia. Recently Moscow's laboratory for aviation medicine discovered that newborn rats and mice, which were given no chance to get used to air of normal pressure, survive in air which corresponds to an altitude of 30 miles. Immediately the excited scientists, concluding that air pressure requirements are a matter of conditioning, began to speculate on whether it might not be possible to raise young Russians under similar conditions to obtain the perfect stratosphere pilot. Whether they have commandeered any expectant mothers for this is not known.

The hero of the American human guinea pigs, whose fate has underlined the courage of those who have volunteered, is Arthur St. Germain, the young prisoner at Boston's Norfolk penal colony who, along with 50 others, offered to submit to secret Naval tests which he was warned would involve a serious risk of life.

We may suppose the tests were concerned with the effects of poisonous gases, as officials stated the results may save millions of civilian lives. The rigors of the experiment left Arthur gravely ill, and a few days later he died. Commissioner Lyman, who had been with him at the end, wrote to the boy's mother soon afterwards: "I want you to know that in my opinion your son gave his life for those in the armed services and for other members of his country, just as much as my boy, who is on a destroyer, would, if he were to lose his life fighting against the enemy."



Coronets:

• • • To Agnes De Mille, American choreographer, for her ballet *Rodeo*. The Russians gave schmaltz to the ballet. Miss De Mille gives it pork and beans . . . to French artist Vertès, for splashing his brilliant brush on needlepoint and handkerchiefs. For proving, once more, that commercial art can be fine art . . . to Ernest Hemingway for suggesting this ending to *For Whom the Bell Tolls*: Have Maria give birth to an American flag.

Thorns:

• • • To Hollywood musicals about South America. Our good neighbors complain that three out of four are out-and-out insults.

To the line, "Now, more than ever before," which seems to pop up in every other advertisement . . . to Ernest Hemingway for coming forward with the daffiest solution yet of the Germanic problem. His cure: sterilize the whole race.

Quote-Unquote:

• • • Said Eddie Condon, when somebody mentioned the name of Hugues Panassié, French author of *Le Jazz Hot*: "Where does he come off, coming over here and telling us how to play jazz? Do we go over there and tell him how to jump on grapes?"

File and Forget:

• • • Radio City uses more electricity than the entire city of Omaha, more telephones than Kansas City, Kansas . . . Archeologists have dug up rubber balls 900 years old in Inca ruins. They still bounce.

Hall of Fame: In 1857 Miles Darden of Tennessee shuffled off his mortal coil. Miles Darden weighed about 1,000 pounds, is still probably the heaviest human being in history.

With Bruno in Ethiopia:

The most celebrated piece of Fascist prose was penned, not by Benito Mussolini, but by his son Bruno. After a bombing raid in Ethiopia, he wrote: "I still remember the effect I produced on a small group of Galla tribesmen . . . I dropped an aerial torpedo right in the center and the group opened up like a flowering rose. It was most entertaining."

These words might not be quoted so often, however, if it turned out that Bruno was simply a disciple of one of his English enemies.

Turn to Lowell Thomas' *With Lawrence in Arabia*. Read in Chapter XI what Lawrence, England's "uncrowned King of Arabia" said:

"Do you know, one of the most glorious sights I have ever seen is a train-load of Turkish soldiers ascending skyward after the explosion of a tulip!" (A tulip is a land mine.)

*Don The Beachcomber is the home of celebrities,
South Seasiana and that liquid bomb, the Zombie.
It took a schoolmarm to mix them successfully*



Home of the Zombie

by HANNIBAL COONS

AMONG HOLLYWOOD's notable creations are the tight-fitting sweater and the loose-fitting deal. The former is the more easily understood. The latter is simply this:

The movie capital's more expensive restaurants and night clubs, realizing that picture stars are ace drawing cards, entice these gilded personages out into the damp night air by charging them prices which vary greatly from those shown in the menu's right hand (or agony) column. Roughly, the more dough you have, the less you pay. If you're famous enough, you often need only nod cordially to the cashier as you take your leave.

At nearly any hot spot, therefore, the noise of your favorite picture stars shuffling their discount cards is like the whirring of many wings.

Yes, there's one business maxim that is gospel in Hollywood: You just can't run a place without deals.

So what is one of the most successful places in town? A place that has no deals at all, of course. At Don The Beachcomber, every man is expected to do his full duty at the cash register, for which the place is almost as famous as for being the birthplace of the Zombie.

When you first enter Don The Beachcomber, your thought is "For gosh sakes, I've walked right past the place a hundred times and never noticed it." The Beachcomber, a large two-story affair, somehow manages to crouch almost unseen in its sidewalk thicket. Enclosed in a bamboo stockade and half hidden in tropical foliage, it looks not unlike the Governor General's house on some little-known Pacific isle. Except for the territorial Hawaiian flag over the door and a makeshift sign, the place holds out no glad hand to the passerby.

From the shadowed walls of its

candle-lit interior leer Tiki gods from Bora-Bora. There are wood carvings from Bali, pearl shell curios from Tahiti and the Great Barrier Reef, stone war clubs, swords and spears. There is a wild man's shield from Samoa, complete with a slightly-used sprig of human hair, and a boomerang or two from the Australian bush.

Dim light and heavy decorations make the place seem smaller than it really is. Various alcoves and little corners extend out octopus-fashion in all directions from the center of the main room, making for a remarkable amount of privacy. Rain, by the grace of the city waterworks, drums loudly on the roof at intervals, pouring floods of water from the eaves onto luxuriant plants growing outside. So real are these push-button rainstorms that out-of-towners often scurry into the moonlight to close their car windows.

The wall covering of the bar and most of the dining room is of tapa cloth, made from the bark of a mulberry tree found in the Marquesas and other Pacific Islands. For the

present home of The Beachcomber they imported a single huge bolt of it, 130 by 86 feet, and cut the expensive stuff to size on the lawn next door.

Most of Hollywood's big names are Beachcomber habitués. Bing Crosby brings in the whole Crosby clan, including his father, at least twice weekly. The merriment of Frank Morgan can be heard at an adjoining table nearly any night. Howard Hughes made The Beachcomber one of his first stops upon returning from his record round-the-world flight. Edward Arnold and Charlie Chaplin are regulars—as are the Marx brothers and Marlene Dietrich.

Your host is "Don," who perhaps needs some explanation. There are those who vow that he once talked himself out of a cannibal stewpot and married the native girl whose oil portrait adorns the bar. Just to get things straight, Don is a good-looking young man, rather slightly built, who really did spend a good part of his life in the South Seas. At present he's busy in the quartermaster corps of the air force. If you'd like to see what he looks like, his unidentified picture decorates the menu.

Few customers, including the regulars, suspect, however, that the real guiding spirit behind the enterprise is not the semi-mythical Don at all, but a former schoolmarm from Minnesota.

You can usually find a very Nordic looking young woman with upswept blonde hair enthroned in the fan-backed "Queen's Chair" not far from the entrance. Frequently she arises, moves freely about the premises, is



seen behind the bar one moment, and in the kitchen the next. She is entitled to these privileges, because she owns the joint.

Don't believe the tale that The Beachcomber is actually owned by a "Chinese woman named Sun." Miss Cora Sund, the lady in question, is from Norway by way of Minnesota.

"Sunny," as she is known to her intimates, was born and raised there. At 17, she propelled herself each morning by snowshoe across 10 miles of ice-locked countryside to a one-room country school where she taught scholars mainly a good deal larger and older than herself.

The Eliza of the above production arrived in Hollywood in 1933, and chanced to stop at a tiny, tropical hotel bar which served warming rum drinks. As she sipped her rum and gazed languorously at the warm decorations from down under the Southern Cross, Minnesota and school-teaching seemed far far away.

Apparently rum and atmosphere appealed to a lot of people, for the little place was always jammed when she visited it. Which inspired her with an idea. Why not enlarge it? She asked the owner, a gentleman called "Don," if he'd like to sell out. He would be happy to, he said, provided he could continue his job-hobby of inventing new rum recipes.

With money saved from occasional jobs in fashion modeling, plus 350 dollars borrowed from a sister back home, Cora swung the deal. It was not only the first bar she'd ever owned, it was one of the first she'd seen.



Before long, customers filled not only all available space at the bar but stood in rows, waiting their turn.

At the end of their first year of business there were prospects of queues forming outside. In two more years they were forming. So Cora moved the whole shebang across the street, and built The Beachcomber as it stands today.

So fabled was The Beachcomber's success that no less than 150 imitations have since sprung up. Some of these hope to capitalize on the misconception that they are directly related to the original in Hollywood, but there is only one other legitimate Don The Beachcomber. This one opened a few years ago off Rush Street in Chicago.

Most of The Beachcomber's rum-rhapsodies are as secret as a military order and, like the combination of a strategic lock, their recipes are frequently changed. It is useless to steal the formulas because they are coded in numbers and letters. These symbols conform to similar ones on the bot-

ties, which are not otherwise identified.

Nor can the bartender, in a moment of confidence to a rival, throw any light on the mystery. The contents of the code-bearing bottles are known not even to him.

The most famous of these liquid bombs is, of course, the Zombie—The Beachcomber's own creation which has been imitated from coast to coast. The original is served in a 14-ounce glass and contains, among other things, six ounces of 151-proof rum. The house is not being whimsical in holding the customer down to two.

The waiters at The Beachcomber are all Filipinos, for Sunny maintains that they have the knack of doing the best job in the shortest time with the least obtrusiveness. One waiter, incidentally, edits a local newspaper in his native tongue. The food buyer is a graduate of the University of California Law School.

As the customer leaves The Beachcomber, he notices several slotted receptacles on the wall beside the checkroom window marked "Braille Institute," "Red Cross," etc. Here he may drop the coin which in any other place may be ransom for his derby.

This particular idea was the inspiration of the ancient "Mr. Lee,"

once of China, who presides over the Hollywood checkroom. He is not a good, snappy checkroom man in the accepted sense. If you grow restive it is no matter. Mr. Lee may soothe you with a placating Confucianism, but he will find your coat no faster.

There is no orchestra at The Beachcomber, and no floor show. Only a dignified Capehart, playing subdued South Pacific melodies. The door closes promptly at 12:30 A.M., an hour and a half ahead of city ordinance requirements.

No hoopla, no deals, early closing hours, and plenty of good rum and atmosphere is the formula with which Cora Sund has shattered Hollywood's formula for a successful nightclub.

Apparently her idea has proved as potent as the Zombie.

Hannibal Coons, now listed with the United States Navy as a lieutenant (j. g.), earned his first dollars as a seller of violin lessons, sewing machines, and silverware. He advanced to publicity work for theaters and publishing companies, broke into big-time writing, and his pieces have since appeared in leading national magazines. Interesting Coons relatives . . . his grandfather, who was the first man to run for President on the Prohibition ticket; his brother, Armitage Trail, who wrote that greatest of gangster-sagas, "Scarface."

Horse Sense

Will Rogers: "Maybe ain't ain't so correct, but I notice that lots of folks who ain't usin' ain't, ain't eatin'."

Abe Martin: "There's some folks standin' behind the President that ought t' git around where he can watch 'em."

Gallery of Photographs

Contributors to This Issue:

JOHN CRAIG BURKE	SUPPENMOSE
JOHN LABEL	CAROLA GREGOR
ZUCCA	NICHOLAS MORANT
HELENE MAYWALD	AL WESTLIN
HAROLD RHODENBAUGH	ANDRE KERTÉZ
VIVIAN ROYVOGIN	TERIADE
STEPHEN DEUTCH	ED ARNOLD
IRVING HAINES	



Grand Relic

JOHN KABEL, DAYTON, OH



TON, OF COCA FROM TERIADE

The Raveled Sleeve



Spring's Awakening

HELENE MAYWALD FROM TIRRE



FROM THE OLD RHODENBAUGH, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Meandering Stream



Freshet

VIVIAN RODVOGIN FROM NANCY HUPP



NCY HUPHEN DEUTCH, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Looking Forward



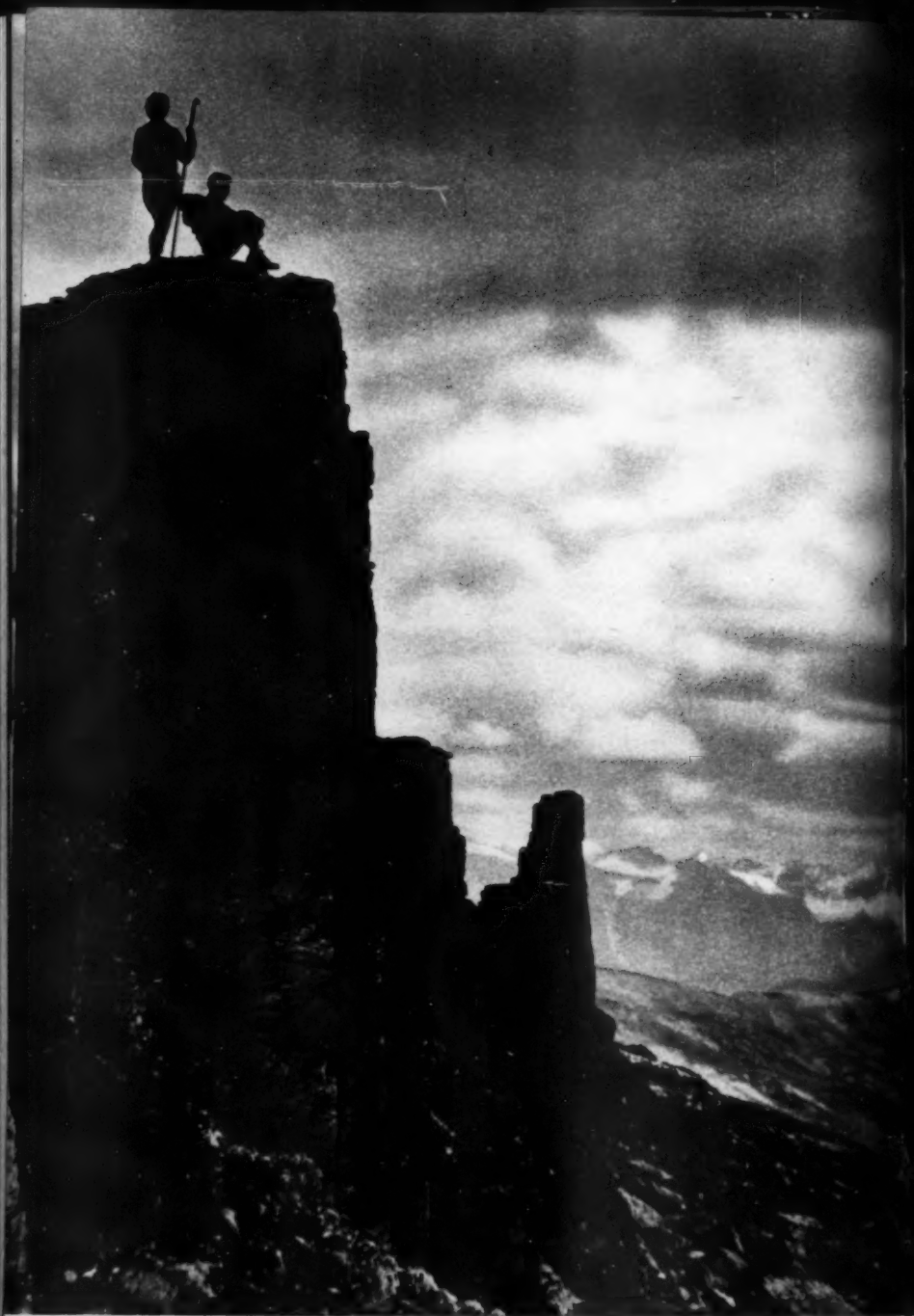
Excelsior

SUPPENMOSE FROM MONKEY



MONKMEYER CAROLA GREGOR FROM MONKMEYER

Botanist



Conquistadors

NICHOLAS MORANT, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA



CANAL WESTLIN, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Private Enterprise



Old Order

ANDRE KERTESZ, NEW YORK, NEW YORK



W YORK WCCA FROM TERIADE

Day Dream



Purple Asters, Quiet Waters

JOHN KABEL, DAYTON, OH



TON, CHUBPHOT FROM TERIADE

Rubberneck



Nickel Heaven

ED ARNOLD, BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA



FORN PENMOSE FROM MONKMEYER

Bundles for Grown-Ups



Affirmation

IRVING HAINES, TACOMA, WASHINGTON



SHINGO

urcainfall

KARL OBER, SANTA BARBARA, CAL.



*Who called in that efficiency expert, anyway?
Today plants get their advice from wide-awake
workers who look for new ways to speed up production*



Tell It to the Boss

by MABEL RAEF PUTNAM

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER two letters arrived on the desk of a Pullman Company executive. They came from two employes 800 miles apart—and contained identical ideas.

A stenographer in Pullman's Buffalo office and a porter on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois run both wrote: "Why should porters wear vests when their coats button up to their necks? No one sees them. Couldn't we save wool and money by omitting them?"

Pullman investigated and learned that the cost of these vests amounted to 7,500 dollars a year. So they decreed "No more vests," and paid each man 375 dollars for his idea.

Probably no one has troubled to multiply Pullman's 7,500 dollar saving by the number of similar savings realized by other companies since the start of the war—all through suggestions submitted by employes. But the total would be staggering. For indus-

try, in meeting the emergency of the war effort, has dug its old employes' suggestion plans out of the mothballs—dug them out and given them a brand new coat of paint.

In short, industry is relying more and more on Yankee ingenuity.

The revival of employee awards for bright ideas didn't bother to wait for official blessing—although that, too, came shortly after Pearl Harbor. One of Donald M. Nelson's first moves was to inaugurate the WPB Merit Award system for all ideas which would speed up war production. Management and labor alike in war plants, mills and mines were urged to form committees to study suggestions submitted by workers and forward weekly to Washington those found feasible.

The response was immediate—a flood of suggestions poured in. Company committees accepted 26 thousand ideas in all and sent a thousand

of them on to Washington. Out of these, 142 were found usable for national defense. Of course the authors were all rewarded—10 of them even being called to Washington especially for the occasion.

One of these "tremendous trifles" was the idea of James A. Merrill, research chemist at Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. He invented a barrier that resists the chemical action of gasoline on bullet-proof airplane fuel tanks. This invention surmounts one of the principal obstacles which has confronted our air forces, and has been adopted by both the Army and the Navy.

Another award winner was Edwin C. Tracy of RCA Manufacturing Company, Camden, New Jersey. His invention was a testing instrument for checking certain flight instruments without removing them from the plane. This reduces to three minutes the time each plane is withheld from combat. Time-saving that counts!

There is nothing whatsoever new about the idea of an employees' suggestion system. Probably the first com-

pany to inaugurate such a plan was the National Cash Register Company—some 50 years ago. It seems the chairman of their board, traveling in Italy, had noticed a large wooden box which an Italian nobleman had set up on his estate to receive ideas from his workers for the betterment of the estate's operation.

Other companies were quick to follow suit—like the Illinois Central Railroad, then experiencing tough sledding. J. L. Beven, the president, took the position that 30 thousand experienced and loyal employees should certainly be able to conceive ways and means to step up efficiency and to cut waste. Today the system Beven set up at IC still operates successfully, with two employees competing for top honors. One, a rate expert in the passenger traffic department, has rung the bell 71 times in four years. The other, a special engineer in the mechanical department, runs him a close second with 63 awards.

The mechanics of a suggestion plan work something like this:

First, the company sets up a suggestion committee with a full-time manager and assistants. Then a set of suggestion blanks is printed up, each numbered to preserve anonymity.

To receive suggestions, some companies prefer to use idea boxes. The Pullman Company, for instance, has 400 of them, posted throughout its plants. At other companies, suggestions are mailed in to a central committee. At Swift and Company's Omaha plant, such a committee investigates each idea, recommends it



for local use if it is found practical and then makes a cash award on the basis of the idea's local value. If the plan is also put into use at other Swift plants, the originator receives additional awards. If it is not used at all, he is told why not.

Most companies make a minimum award for ideas of a minor nature, the benefits of which cannot be measured in terms of dollars and cents. Where the value of a suggestion can definitely be determined, a fixed percentage (usually 10 per cent) of the savings resulting from one year's use is awarded.

Should the savings prove greater than at first estimated, 10 per cent of this additional is usually paid also. At Swift's Fort Worth plant, for instance, J. F. Kincaid, a supervisor in the salad oil refinery department, suggested a new method of reducing processing shrinkage. It seems that when 100 gallons of oil, eggs and milk are mixed, the resulting mixture for some reason is less than that amount. How much less, of course, depends upon the method of processing. At any rate Swift adopted Kincaid's method and awarded him 1,530 dollars. Then six months later he received an additional thousand dollars, based on actual savings derived from his method.

The number of suggestions employees turn in is almost unbelievable. "Our new plan has operated for four years now, and in that time 45 thousand employees have submitted nearly 75 thousand ideas," says H. C. Marmaduke of Illinois Central's activity.

At Pullman during the first month



of the plan, 3,000 suggestions were turned in. In less than two years the total was up to 48 thousand. They have adopted 5,500 of these ideas and paid out 60 thousand dollars for them.

Most of the suggestions are surprisingly simple. William Berrick, a painter in Pullman's Chicago shops, recommended that all trimmings on refinished troop cars be painted in solid colors instead of bronze to save that vital material. His reward: 215 dollars.

Swift and Company has been paying an increasing number of awards to employees during the last 17 years. In 1942, 75 thousand employees submitted 17 thousand ideas and in support of the war production drive, the company appropriated an extra 10 thousand dollars for the best suggestion of the year.

"Swift has built its system on the theory that the men and women on the job can best understand the safety hazards, special techniques, and the speed and effort required of them. These men and women are the natural source for new improvements,"

says H. W. Seinwerth, manager of Swift's plan. He can show real results to back up his boast, too.

Last summer representatives of 23 companies employing the suggestion system met in Chicago to form an association for the interchange of ideas and plans. Four months later this young association had its first convention, with 165 delegates representing 105 companies and 3,500,000 workers.

The opportunity the system gives employes for self-expression is the plan's chief benefit, these officials pointed out, but heads of departments also profit by getting a real insight into the rest of the company.

The delegates also decided that though methods of operation would naturally differ according to the needs and characters of the respective companies, certain factors must be present:

1. The system must have behind it the support of topflight management.

2. It must be a separate department with a full-time manager and an adequate staff with the necessary authority.

3. It must be "promoted and sold" to employes.

4. It must provide employes with opportunity to submit their ideas on an unrestricted basis.

5. It must be generous in making rewards.

Whatever the mechanical procedure, there is no doubt of the value of the program. A chief of the War Production headquarters has termed the suggestion system America's secret weapon.

"It promises," he said, "to do more than anything else we've hit upon to increase speed in war production."

Telephone Talk:

¶ A nickel dropped in the slot of a New York telephone will net you a two-minute sermonette by the Rev. J. J. D. Hall, evangelist, once known as the "Bishop of Wall Street." The Reverend Hall, now in his late seventies, sometimes spends an 18-hour day on the wire, comforting his invisible parish with spiritual advice in capsule form. Shunning publicity, he lives simply in a Manhattan flat, is not listed in the phone book. His number circulates by word of mouth.

¶ The first historic "Number, Please" went over the wire in Lowell, Massachusetts, during an epidemic of measles which threatened to afflict the regular telephone operators. The regulars knew their clients by name. It was realized that their substitutes wouldn't. A system of number-identification was quickly improvised to give them a lift, and so exchanges and numbers have been telephone trademarks ever since.

¶ The volatile French are the world's fastest talkers, say the telephone companies. The Gallic crowds 350 syllables into one minute. We who leisurely speak English average only about 220 syllables every 60 seconds.

—DON TERRIO

Presenting—the Berlitz School of languages, which today is training international citizens of the future to speak like natives wherever they may be



Languages on Short Order

by MADELEINE BRENNAN

WITH THE COMING of war, language study, long considered a luxury, has become a necessity. To conduct global war successfully, we as a people must learn languages rapidly and well. In this emergency, the Berlitz School of Languages, sole purveyors of the revolutionary Berlitz Method for teaching all languages to all people, stands singularly equipped to meet our national need.

In the past year, enrollments at the Berlitz schools, located in 14 leading U. S. cities, have increased upwards of 200 per cent. In Washington, enrollments have tripled since 1939. And, in conjunction with military and naval production and training centers, new schools opened their doors during 1942 in Akron, Minneapolis, San Francisco and Newark. At present about half of the schools' teaching facilities are at the disposal of the Army, Navy and government prior-

ities. As Victor Berlitz, grandson of the founder, puts it: "Nowadays you can't afford *not* to learn by the Berlitz Method."

All this started way back in 1870. It seems one Maximilian D. Berlitz, a young language teacher at a Providence, R. I. theological seminary, had been obliged by illness to leave his students in the hands of an assistant who spoke only his native French. Returning three months later, Berlitz found to his amazement that his students had made greater progress in the interim than was customary during the entire year.

Thus it was that Berlitz came to chart study courses in 26 modern languages—each based on the key-stone that teachers and students speak to one another only in the language being studied. By 1939, 16 years after the founder's death, the international alumni of the Berlitz schools had

reached the proud total of 3,724,861. And today, constantly revised Berlitz Method editions achieve sales amounting to better than half a million copies each year.

Originally, it was the wish of Berlitz the Senior to introduce new languages to adults as simply as children learn their native tongues from their parents. Today, however, there is nothing parental in the practiced disregard of Berlitz teachers for the floundering novice.

A wiry lady of 60, for instance, curator of the oriental wing of a famous museum, not long ago bought three lesson blocks of 100 hours each and has become amazingly glib in the tongues of two remote rug countries. "But it's like throwing a child into water to teach him to swim," she exclaimed, gasping, after her first chilly immersion in undiluted Hindustani.

The Berlitz prospectus boasts "no drudgery . . . no homework . . . you can learn any language without study . . ." Nevertheless, its teachers scorn the notion of any royal road to language proficiency. The student must be prepared to subject himself to a schedule of concentrated progressions measured out in doses that he can neither avoid nor forget.

He may get a mental Charley horse and black and blue spots from the Berlitz treatment—but he does learn.

The method starts off with a bang. Whatever language the student undertakes, he is equipped in his first hour with a minimum of 18 proper nouns, carefully chosen as suitable "first objects." His second lesson be-

gins, as does each successive lesson, with a stern review of what has gone before. By the fourth lesson, the student begins to combine objects—standardized desk equipment, articles of clothing and furniture, etc.—with adjectives of color and dimension. By lesson number seven he puts his new world into motion—the pencil lies, the pupil sits, the teacher comes.

With the completion of lesson 24, the student has been administered a scientifically balanced dosage of 300 nouns, verbs, articles and prepositions. If he has had private instruction, his investment will have amounted to less than 75 dollars and about 20 hours. Group study will have cost him more time and equal money to achieve an equal result.

AND WHAT result? Well, he will now be equipped with a minimum working vocabulary which should enable him to make his way in the country of his choice. He will not be apt to be taken as a native. But commanding food, deciphering rail schedules, laying out money, commenting upon the weather and the seasons—such things he will be able to take in stride.

For students who wish further instruction, the added expenditure of 25 hours and an additional 50 to 100 dollars will buy an elementary grasp of the nuances and verb structure of idioms and of the social amenities. Now the pupil leaves behind the kindergarten world of visible objects, primary colors and demonstrable combinations of chair on floor, teacher behind desk. Instead, he learns to con-

duct himself with competence wherever he may land—be it at the tailor's or a gala social occasion.

But there is still more, if the student wants to continue. Dorothy Thompson, long a fluent German reader and conversationalist, has extended her studies at Berlitz upwards of 10 years. Burton Holmes, well-known travel-lecturer, has rarely requested a visa to a foreign land without first brushing up on its language at Berlitz.

Even the best of scholars cannot always get to school, so recently a party of Berlitz teachers set out in search of their students. They clippered smartly to Trinidad, as guests of the Standard Oil Company, and then boarded a coastwise steamer that brought them to Caripito, their final destination—a handful of barracks flung on a jungle clearing. Spanish lessons for the Americans and English lessons for the Latin Americans of the tiny colony have been conducted ever since. No one minds the constant roaring of the lions, so long as they stay outside the enclosure.

The schools don't care whether lessons are held in swimming pools or bowling alleys, once students have achieved a certain advancement. But in ordinary circumstances, the method insists upon a constant rotation of teachers.

Schedules are so manipulated that a student cannot encounter the same teacher more than half a dozen times in as many months. This variation of personal contact is considered equally important to student and teacher; for if part of the class hour is spent on



friendly chit-chat, the student squanders paid learning time. Most important, the school believes that only communication can be taught by one teacher—it takes many teachers to teach a language.

The essential requirement for a Berlitz teacher is that he be able to pick up any student at any point in his pursuit of the method and escort him through the next chapter. The New York branch maintains a Method Department for teacher training. At the beginning of the war, the schools lost teachers faster than they could be replaced. Now the Method Department has pushed up its daily schedule from five to nine hours, and draws more heavily on women.

To qualify as a Berlitz candidate, a teacher must be licensed in his native tongue, and is permitted to instruct students in that tongue alone. He is required to learn a new language by the method, and instruct another teacher in his own language—by the method.

To replace a Japanese instructor abruptly removed from civil life, the schools wrote for instructions to the

FBI. The answer was to the point: "Any Jap you see on the street is okay." Japanese enrollments, incidentally, have shot up from one and two a year into the hundreds.

Government calls for "15 Norwegian experts for immediate camp duty," or, "someone equipped to command German police dogs captured from the enemy" sometimes stagger but never confound the schools' resources.

Fresh proof that Berlitz continues to do its job is found in every morning's mail. A letter postmarked North Africa reports that Major Harry Frey, U. S. A., is continuing at Berlitz, Algiers, the German lessons he

began in Berlitz, Brooklyn. A lady instructor assigned to the household of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo of the Dominican Republic sends word that the Dictator's children pour beer down her neck in protest against her English lessons, but she will remain at her post till her job is done.

Victor Berlitz continues to shrug at the mention of testimonial advertising. "How is one to select one successful incident from so many?" Because Berlitz students are so largely military, professional, government and civic leaders, he prefers merely to quote discreetly the school's 65-year-old motto:

"Berlitz has never failed."

Fair Exchange

ANDREW CARNEGIE was an enthusiastic admirer of Victor Herbert. He once said his idea of Heaven was to have Herbert playing his tunes for him days without end. The composer, like the steel master, was something of a philanthropist. He did not give away libraries but always carried a vest pocket well-jingled with five dollar gold pieces so any actor at the Lambs, where he lunched, might be tided over a rough stretch.

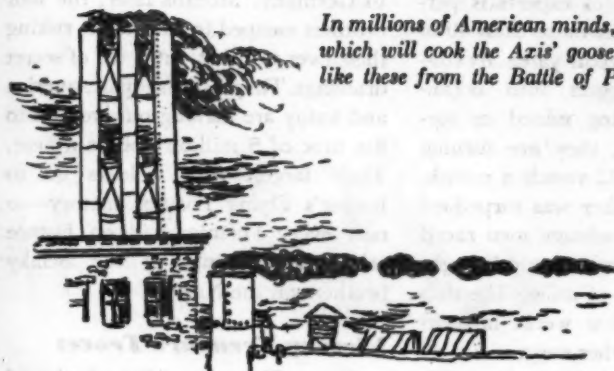
One day as he left the club, a small, almost shabby man with a shaggy gray beard buttonholed him: "Could I speak to you a moment?" he murmured deferentially. Herbert, absent-mindedly, secreted a gold piece and pressed it into the stranger's palm with a handshake. Carnegie really wanted to engage Herbert for his Pittsburgh symphony, which he did. But he kept the coin as a lucky piece until his passing.

—SUSAN B. ALLEN

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR. was reared with strict discipline. Once while being punished, he succeeded in convincing his mother that he was not guilty of the offense for which he was being whipped.

"Very well, son," his mother replied with grim humor, "but we have gone so far that we may as well proceed. It will be credited to your account for next time."

—MRS. FRANK L. DODGE



In millions of American minds, ideas are simmering which will cook the Axis' goose. Communiques like these from the Battle of Production show how

On the V-Shift

Quick Salutes:

• • • To the Curtiss Candy Company for having each of its 800 candy salesmen collect at least 50 pounds of scrap metal a day while making their rounds . . . To the Los Angeles Wrecking Company, which no longer demolishes houses which must make way for new buildings. Instead it moves them to a "used-house" lot, does a revamping job, then delivers them to the purchaser . . . To the Chicago Surface Lines for sending out a truck-motivated magnet to pick up odd metal pieces over 100 miles of routes taken by its buses. Result: 1,600 pounds of scrap, and fewer punctures for bus and car tires . . . To the American Hotels Corporation, which is giving immediate employment preference to wounded soldiers, sailors and marines, putting them to work as clerks, bellboys, porters and chefs . . . To the Coach Trailer Equipment

Company, which is converting its giant car-delivering trailers into 100-passenger buses to help solve Detroit's vast war transportation problem.

California's "Open Door":

• • • The assembly lines in a California aircraft plant were going to be shut down unless the manager was able to get a large quantity of alloy castings heat-treated by Monday morning. It was already Saturday and his own furnaces were full. So he phoned a competitor and laid his cards on the table. "Send them over," the latter said, and his crews worked overtime to get 35 furnace loads of castings to the manager by Monday.

In another case, Vultee saved Douglas 120 days by locating 144 units of a certain vital part. This is all part of a plan for cooperation among eight aircraft companies and could well serve as a pattern for all industry.

Plastic Surgery at Sea:

• • • A corps of experts is performing miracles in more than 40 of the nation's ship repair yards. By converting coast-huggers into ocean-goers and salvaging mined or torpedoed freighters, they are turning out as many as 422 vessels a month. When a large tanker was torpedoed and split in two, salvage men raced out, raised both sections, and brought them in hundreds of miles. The ship was launched a few weeks later as good as new. Another cargoer lost 64 feet of herself, and the crew reconstructed her whole afterpart with no original plans to go by. In 18-and-one-half days they had her in the water again.

"Carving the Elephant":

• • • Industry is licking the giant job of conversion piece by piece. A former automobile maker now producing anti-aircraft cannon makes only 25 per cent of the gun's 306 parts. Ninety-three subcontractors, many of them aided by sub-subcontractors, do the rest. A cash-register company, with 20 sub-subs, produces the magazine assembly; an electric iron company and its 15 sub-subs make the gun-sight assembly. Thus is the "elephant" cut into pieces small enough to tackle.

Return of the Brothers:

• • • Before the collapse of France, the four Sciaky brothers made practically every resistance welding machine built in Europe. With the coming of the Nazis, their factory was

plundered, and the best machines sent to Germany. Months later, the four brothers escaped from France, risking their lives to bring out a file of secret drawings. They set up shop in America and today are turning out welders to the tune of 5 million dollars a year. Their largest spot welders go to Boeing's Flying Fortress factory—so now every Fortress raid on France rains the blessings of the Sciaky brothers on the Nazis.

Victory Treasure Trove:

• • • The new science of thermal radio which turns radio waves to amazing uses. They already heat, dry, glue, weld and rivet; and post-war prospects based on RCA experiments include cementing rubber to wood or plastic, stitching and seaming cloth, hardening metals . . . An electrical "thinker" which calculates the amount of materials and equipment needed by power systems. In a single hour it can deal with figures which would take nine months of an engineer's time (Westinghouse) . . . A new greaseless cream that protects workers' arms and hands against grime and irritants. It washes off easily, and solves one of industry's biggest problems: occupational skin diseases (DuPont) . . . A 175-foot monster machine that has turned cylinder-head finishing from a 300-hour job to a matter of 49 seconds (Studebaker) . . . A one-man parachute boat for fighter pilots. A seat pack during flight, it will inflate within 10 seconds after the pilot parachutes into the water (U. S. Rubber).

—LAWRENCE GALTON

Burn victims can now look to sulfa drugs, blood plasma, and other new treatments to alleviate their pain, check infection, and prevent scars



New Hope for Fire Victims

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

EIGHT THOUSAND American civilians last year perished from burns, the National Safety Council reports.

Hundreds were trapped alive in flaming buildings. Others were transformed into living torches in explosions and auto crashes. Some victims died in anguish, seared by scalding water, chemicals, or blistering steam. Another 100 thousand, who suffered non-fatal burns and lived, will carry scars and tragic deformities throughout their lifetimes.

No human agony is greater than that inflicted by flame. Nerve endings exposed to the air produce an anguish which is indescribable. Dirt or ashes easily find their way into the bloodstream and, striking the kidneys, drive the sufferer into convulsions, often into death.

The best preventive for such horror is, of course, fire prevention itself. But after the deed is done, the triple

objectives of first-aiders, doctors and nurses are (1) alleviation of pain and shock, (2) healing of the wound, (3) prevention of scars or deformities.

In recent months, even weeks, scientists have made such phenomenal progress in the discovery of drugs and methods of treatment for burns that there is new hope—much of it—for fire victims, whether they be civilians or men of the merchant marine trapped on blazing tankers.

One discovery is an ointment evolved from fish liver oil and yeast, called "biodyne." Over a period of years, it has been developed in the laboratory of the Institutuum Divi Thomae, a science research institution in Cincinnati, and tested by a Chicago specialist, Dr. Thomas P. Walsh, at Chicago's Mercy Hospital.

Mercy is located in a congested section of old, near-downtown Chicago, where people live packed like sardines

in tinder-box houses and the wail of the fire siren sounds frequently. Here 100 victims of fire were treated with biodyne. All lived to testify to its effectiveness. One was a woman who had been injured in a gasoline explosion, another a steel worker seared by molten metal. For eight months every resource of medicine had been tapped to restore the worker to health and his job, to no avail. Amputation seemed the only alternative until biodyne appeared on the scene. Within four months, his leg whole, the man was punching the time clock again each morning.

ACCORDING to a summary of the 100 cases, biodyne's value lies in its sterilizing quality, which does not damage or destroy tissue; especially in its faculty for encouraging the growth of new tissue and relieving pain, thus curtailing shock; and in keeping scars and deformities to a minimum.

I visited another hospital to which a four-year-old girl had been brought for care after four months of conventional treatment for burns had failed. She had been playing with fire when her pajamas were set ablaze. The backs of her legs from hips to heels were burned to a crisp.

Yet the child was smiling and cheerily singing *You Are My Sunshine* when I saw her, for which happy faculty she had been dubbed the "Sunshine Queen" by her doctors and nurses. Soon after biodyne treatments were given her, the livid burn splotches began to disappear, new skin began to grow, and the attending specialist

thereafter reported that no skin grafting would be necessary.

The most highly touted treatment of all, justifiably so, has been blood plasma, which overcomes shock. Dr. Harold P. Sullivan, chief surgeon of the Chicago Fire Department, points out that burns themselves do not usually cause death. But accompanying shock and infection do. Blood transfusions were used for years to counteract it, but fire victims often died before transfusions could be practically arranged.

Here blood plasma proved a life-saver. Mixed with distilled water or glucose, it could be quickly injected into the veins. Sometimes, where life seemed to be gone, it even restored respiration. Its use now is a must in cases of second or third-degree burns.

Boston's holocaust—the Cocoanut Grove fire—dramatized the use of plasma on a mass scale, even as Pearl Harbor did a year before. Dr. James W. Manary, medical director of Boston City Hospital, where hundreds of the injured and dying were treated, afterwards commented: "It was the most striking example of the miracle of plasma I have ever known." More than 1,000 units—each unit representing one blood donation—were used. Some patients needed as many as a dozen pints to overcome shock. Surgeons estimate that this life-giving fluid saved the lives of 150 victims.

The variety of treatments employed in Boston hospitals to care for disaster victims indicates the wide number available today. Both the Boston City and Massachusetts General Hospitals

prescribed a combination of boric acid, silver nitrate, and tannic acid for treatment. The three act to cleanse the wound, lock out air and infection, and seal in vital body fluids. Triple aniline dyes, which have an antiseptic value in themselves, were also used.

At Chelsea Naval Hospital, where shore patrolmen who were burned while doing rescue work were treated, the sulfa drugs were used. One, a sulfathiazole ointment, still in experimental stage, was spread on the burn like a cold cream. A sulfathiazole powder has also been developed which can be stored in one's pocket and sprinkled on a wound, thus acting as an immediate antiseptic.

All sulfa drug treatments involve some hazard and should be administered under a physician's directions, since sulfa destroys red blood cells, and also upsets the victim's stomach. For these reasons sodium bicarbonate and liver extract are often given the patient in conjunction with the drug.

Tannic acid for years has been the standby emergency treatment for burns. Many city fire squads, Chicago's for instance, carry equipment for spraying the acid on burns in a jiffy. It forms a thick, hard crust which serves as a cover for the wound, relieves pain, and checks the escape

of body fluids, one of the worst hazards of body burns. But as an antiseptic, it is limited. Infection forms under the crust if germs were there before its application.

Then there are the three aniline dyes, which combine to produce a protective crust, ease pain, and act as a powerful germicide, destroying infection already in the wound, as well as preventing new infection from entering. It has an additional advantage in that it does not destroy cells in surrounding tissue and produce scars.

This triple-dye solution is applied repeatedly until a coating is formed. English surgeons began using it on burn victims about two years ago and obtained excellent results. It worked even on two-thirds burns, which usually had heretofore proved fatal.

Germany's horror-bombings of England brought forth at least one blessing, called by Dr. Charles Hill, deputy-secretary of the British Medical Association, "the greatest surgical advance yet achieved in the war." It is the "envelope" treatment. A chemical solution, produced by treating a common table salt solution with electricity, is applied to the burned area within an oiled silk envelope. The wound can thus be seen at any time without disturbing the dressing. Really serious burns, such as those inflicted

An Exciting Picture Story

WHAT MAKES JERRY RUN?

BY JOHN GUNTHER

Coming in May

by incendiary bombs, heal within two to four weeks. Pain disappears rapidly and poisons exuding from the burns are dissolved, thus eliminating any need for changing the dressing.

The United States Navy, not to be outdone, has evolved still another treatment. Burns, it may be noted, are one of the great "occupational hazards" of this war. Bomb flashes, not bomb fragments, have injured the most seamen in the Pacific theatre.

A newspaper correspondent talked with men who had been terribly burned and recovered completely. Together with many others, the victims had been "put to soak" in a huge cross-shaped tub filled with lukewarm water containing about a two per cent solution of salt. This treatment developed itself after doctors discovered that shipwrecked sailors who, while horribly burned, had floated about in the ocean for hours before being rescued, were in much better shape than those immediately rescued.

Three or four times a day, victims are doused in such "baths" for two or three hours. Between these "floating periods," the wounds are treated with a sulfa drug ointment (sprayed on or spread by hand) and then bandaged. If the burned area is too large to permit fresh skin to grow and completely cover it, skin-grafting is resorted to. Net result—generally complete, unscarred healing.

The tubs, which are shaped in the form of a cross, can accommodate several men at a time. That a sojourn in salt water is not unpleasant is indi-

cated in the correspondent's cable which read: "It is astonishing to see the patients negligently floating their way back to health and normal appearance. They spend their time in the cruciform bath reading, smoking, sometimes even singing."

Salt-water treatment is not strictly a brand new discovery. Dr. Sullivan used it on a smaller scale before the war for treating Chicago fire victims. In a recent tenement fire, for example, 20 persons were excruciatingly burned. Dr. Sullivan ordered them into salted bathtubs, clothes and all, the minute they reached the hospital, to alleviate pain. Plasma was then administered to overcome shock. The victims were kept under water all the while their clothes were cut away. Then burned areas were thoroughly cleansed and treated with sulfa ointments.

DR. SULLIVAN points out that burns involve these dangers:

1. Shock. 2. Infection, which sets in when poisonous matter gets into the blood stream at the open wound and blockades the kidneys. 3. Fatal loss of body liquids.

In treatment, the first important thing to do is kill pain and avert shock. If burns cover a large body area and are severe, the victim should be doused in a tubful of tepid water, with a cup of salt added to it.

Next, the victim needs an injection of blood plasma. If there is no doctor handy to administer one, have the patient drink milk or brandy—hot, but not too hot. Next remove his clothing as gently as possible, under

water. (It is better to have the doctor do this, if he is coming soon.) Soap should be used to carefully cleanse the wound. When the patient emerges from the water, apply vaseline, lard, olive oil, wet baking soda, or even wet tea leaves on the wound, and cover it with gauze held down by strips of adhesive tape.

For 5,000 years wet tea leaves have held undisputed sway as a poultice for burns. Our ancestors weren't far off the track, for the leaves are the source of tannic acid, now universally

used as an effective burn treatment.

In all, more progress for the relief and cure of burns has been made in the past five years than in all previous history. This timetable is being speeded up even more by the war, which demands ever more effective, speedy treatments.

Heed first that old adage about the ounce of prevention, and prevent fire. But if disaster befalls you anyway, remember that science today assures you increased relief from pain, freedom from scars and quick recovery.



How Shorthand Won a War

"THERE, GENTLEMEN, is the lad responsible for the American victory at San Juan Hill and Santiago," said Teddy Roosevelt at a reunion of his Rough Riders in 1900 at Las Vegas, New Mexico.

The president pointed out youthful Ralph McFie of that city. So modest was McFie that his fellow Rough Riders didn't know until this moment who was responsible for their famous charge at historic San Juan hill.

McFie, detailed to sentry duty on San Juan hill, had overheard a Spanish officer giving detailed instructions to his men concerning a surprise attack on the American forces. As the Spanish officer talked, McFie took out a pad and recorded the officer's orders verbatim in a simple system of shorthand characters which he had once devised to record in a speedy manner the Spanish language.

When the Spaniards passed on, he raced back to the Rough Rider encampment, only to be halted and threatened with court martial.

"Get back to your post," commanded the major. "I'll take the pad."

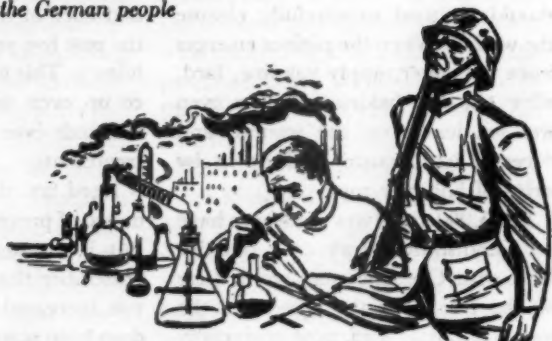
The officer didn't read the notes, but hurried to Colonel Roosevelt with the report. Roosevelt's expression turned from alarm to puzzlement as he saw that the message was in shorthand.

"Get that kid," he shouted. McFie was ordered to return to camp, where he translated his shorthand notes for the excited colonel.

With this information, Roosevelt quickly mapped an attack that took the Spaniards by surprise and won the Spanish-American war for the United States. Thus a simple system of shorthand shaped the destiny of a nation.

—FRANK BURNETT

The fabulous story of Germany's ersatz empire, the Farben trust—an important reason why mere deprivation will not lick the German people



Ersatz, Incorporated

by CURT RIESS

ALMOST DAILY during the past year, RAF bombers have taken off in the dusk and flown across the Channel to Germany. And often the next day we would read that they had bombed Dortmund, Duesseldorf, Muehlheim, Wuppertal, Cologne, Frankfurt, Mainz. . . .

We would not be far wrong if we substituted for all these names of cities in the western part of Germany the name of one business enterprise: *I. G. Farben*—the German Dye Trust and arsenal of the Third Reich.

Of course in the Rhineland and in the Ruhr there are also the great coal mines, the centers of the German steel industry, the great ammunition factories of Krupp. But much as Hitler may need tanks and cannons manufactured by Krupp, he is even more in need of *I. G. Farben*.

This is the reason why the Germans do so much to protect the *I. G. Far-*

ben factories from the RAF. They have built entire artificial landscapes around the plants, they have achieved a miracle of camouflage by erecting deceptive pasteboard factories.

They do this because if *I. G. Farben* stops producing, Hitler will have to stop this war. For *Farben* products are the backbone of his campaigns.

German tanks have rolled over Poland, Holland, Belgium, France. They roll on synthetic rubber. The pilots who roar above them keep themselves fit with anti-shock, vaccines, hormones, sulpho-compounds—made by the Schering Corporation of the *I. G. Farben*. Sometimes they parachute down in 'chutes made of *I. G. Farben* rayon. All Hitler's soldiers wear uniforms made of synthetic fibre. Their iron rations consist of synthetic vitamins, synthetic chocolate. Their guns use explosives made by concerns belonging to the

I. G. Farben. They make a lot of photos and films—and the material is furnished by I. G. Farben.

On the home front, the picture is the same. German agriculture might have collapsed long ago, had it not been for certain products of I. G. Farben—like synthetic nitrogen, essential for the manufacture of fertilizers. The German population might be starved were it not for I. G. Farben products like synthetic chocolate, synthetic albumin, synthetic flour, synthetic vitamins, and scores of substitutes for fats, fruits and vegetables. Under the subhuman conditions inflicted by Hitler upon his own people and the occupied countries, epidemics might have spread in a devastating manner had it not been for the famous pharmaceutical products of I. G. Farben.

The ersatz-idea has been the recurrent theme of I. G. Farben ever since its beginnings. Its founding in 1891 responded to the necessities of an era that had just become conscious of its technical achievements and their possibilities. Three relatively young chemists and inventors took over its management: Karl Duisberg, Fritz Haber and Karl Bosch.

During the first period of the I.G., these men seemed mostly interested in the invention and manufacture of products to alleviate human suffering. A great part of I.G.'s production machine was devoted solely to pharmaceutical products. Among the more important inventions of the I.G. chemists of that time were anti-febrine, phenacetine, aspirin, germanin

(against sleeping sickness), atabrin, plasmichin (against malaria), salvarsan and synthetic quinine.

I. G. Farben might well have been called the pharmacy of the whole world. But even at that time, its head men were probably less interested in the health of humanity than in the world's markets. Karl Duisberg had invented after his green dyestuff (1884) the blue dyestuff (sulphonazurine), the red dyestuff (azo-Fuchsin), the victoriablue and the benzo-purpurine. All these synthetic dyestuffs were manufactured from coal tar derivatives.

THOSE DISCOVERIES made Germany and German industry independent of certain raw materials which previously it had had to import from other countries or other countries' colonies. And since synthetic products are less bulky than the corresponding raw materials and are therefore easier to transport, I. G. Farben became a competitor, too, of the colonies of other countries.

By 1914, I. G. Farben had already become one of the greatest export industries of Germany. Then the war came, and the pharmacy of the world became an arsenal. Fritz Haber's synthetic nitrogen was used for explosives; Karl Bosch invented the poison gas, chlorine.

Still, in spite of the confidence of the whole German nation that "I.G. would win the war," it did not win it. But it did emerge from the ruins of Germany almost unscarred.

Under the Weimar Republic—

between 1918 and 1933—I. G. Farben played a double role. On the one hand it seemed once again to be a peaceful industry, devoted to the manufacture and export of pharmaceutical products. On the other hand it helped to prepare Germany for World War II.

For a time, I.G. was the only real industrial power in post-war Germany, since Krupp and other armament factories were forced by the Treaty of Versailles to close down. Its importance within the German economic picture was especially augmented by the fact that it represented almost the only industry capable of export—at a time when export was the only worthwhile business.

The conquest of markets abroad went forward at high speed. Indeed, I.G. tried and succeeded in getting decisive influence over the chemical industries in other countries, and finally was able to control the international market. I.G.'s chief weapon in this fight was that it held a monopoly over numerous basic patents whose secrets it has never entirely yielded. If in some country the chemical industry did not want to play ball with the German concern, Farben made use of its time-honored procedure of dumping, and thus provided for the particular market in question its own products which usually were better—and cheaper.

Thus I. G. successfully invaded France, where its lawyer, Pierre Laval, arranged for the collaboration of the *Établissements Kuhlmann*; thus it was able to acquire a controlling share in

the Imperial Chemical Industries in England; thus the Swiss concern, Ciba, and the Italian concern, Montecatini, were forced to climb on the bandwagon. Thus Spain was conquered—with the help of Franco's brother-in-law, Serano Suñer, who like Laval was on the payroll of I. G. Farben; thus the chemical industry of Japan was built up. This last transaction became extremely profitable; the patents of I.G. and the low Japanese wages formed a combination which hardly could be beaten.

I. G. FARBEN itself usually remained in the background in all these deals. It was the Swiss concern, I. G. Chemie, that licensed patents and received the money for them. Of course anybody who wanted to know could find out that this Swiss organization, founded in 1925, was nothing but a front for I.G. This arrangement, indeed, paid dividends. To give one example—Sterling Products, Inc., in the United States, paid more than 1,200,000 dollars during the first year of this war for licenses, via the Swiss company, to I. G. Farben patents.

While I.G. thus tried to protect itself against the damaging consequences of the old war, it helped prepare the new one. It can hardly be a coincidence that Haushofer's Geopolitical Institute, which prepared the blueprints for Hitler's world conquest, was financed entirely by I.G. Nor is it a coincidence that long before Hitler came to power, a sort of alliance was arranged between heavy industry in general and the ammunition

industry in particular by electing munitions manufacturers to I.G.'s board of directors.

Personal contacts with Hitler existed early. Heinrich Gattineau, Duisberg's private secretary, was one of the first members of the Nazi party, and a storm trooper later on. And though I.G. tried to put up a somewhat democratic front, though its directors counted liberal politicians among their best friends, I. G. Farben belonged among the most generous financiers of Hitler since 1928. In 1931 I.G. finally gave the signal for the flight of capital from Germany—one of the hardest blows to the prestige of the Republic—by transferring its capital to Switzerland.

Where the sympathies of the I. G. Farben men lay was an open secret in Germany. Nationalist opposition circles began to murmur, "I.G. will liberate us." Indeed, I.G. would have liked to liberate the rest of the world, too, including the United States. One of this country's most able public relations men, Ivy Lee, took over the somewhat difficult task of winning sympathy for Adolf Hitler here. Lee had to admit in 1934, before a congressional investigating committee, that his salary of 25 thousand dollars a year plus expenses was paid by—I. G. Farben.

Once Hitler was in power, the systematic and cynically open preparation for this war through I. G. Farben went ahead full speed. Again the theme of ersatz became dominant. I.G. was supposed to make Germany an autarchy by inventing and pro-



ducing ersatz for all raw materials.

In 1934 Germany still imported 100 per cent cotton, 95 per cent wool, 100 per cent jute and other basic fibres, 99 per cent hemp and 86 per cent flax. Her oil production was of a negligible quantity.

When the mass manufacture of Buna synthetic rubber began, all the aforesaid raw materials were systematically replaced by synthetic products. The German textile industry, for instance, was put on a war basis in 1934. In 1934 I.G. produced 7,000 tons of ersatz textiles; in 1939, 300 thousand tons.

In this connection, the assignment of Hermann Goering to the job of First Commissioner of Woods and Forests in 1934 was a logical move. For in order to manufacture ersatz textile, I.G. needed wood. According to reliable estimates, wood was cut in German forests between 1934 and 1940 that equalled a growth of 200 to 300 years. This, of course, was possible only while the administration of German forests was in the hands of an unscrupulous man. Lately, I.G. Farben chemists are in search of a new wood fibre; lately, too, whole

forests in occupied countries, especially the Baltic, are being cut down.

Today I.G. is perhaps the only power in the world that has already profited by this war. It has taken over the chemical industry in all occupied countries and has coordinated it for its own purposes. It has put total science into the service of the total state for the management of total war. I. G. is no longer hampered by such old-fashioned ideas as the interests of humanity at large. There is

only one important issue—the question of political necessity. A Stuka pilot is of more interest than a diabetic.

When Hitler is beaten, I. G. Farben no doubt will try once more to emerge as a peaceful enterprise. The world should not forget that the factory of the most deadly weapons of yesterday can become one again tomorrow.

As long as it is possible to change a pharmacy to an arsenal by pressing a few buttons, I. G. Farben—and its allies—will need careful watching.

Verbal Trouncings

DOUGLAS JERROLD, a man famed for his waspish wit, was walking along the street one day when a bore of his acquaintance pranced up to him and said,

"Well, well, well, Jerrold! What's going on?"

Jerrold briefly showed his teeth. "I am," he said. And did.

A BRILLIANT TRIAL LAWYER had just lost an important case to an equally brilliant opponent. The moment court was adjourned, he tore across the courtroom to his colleague, shook his fist furiously, and shouted: "Is there no case so foul and so low that you will not defend it?"

The other lawyer raised his eyebrows mildly. "Why, John," he said, "whatever have you been doing now?"

FROM *I Wish I'd Said That* (SIMON AND SCHUSTER)

IT WAS CUSTOMARY for the congregation to repeat the Twenty-third psalm in unison, but invariably Mrs. Spielfast would keep about a dozen words ahead of all the rest. "Who," a visitor asked an old church member one Sunday, "was the lady who was already by the still waters while the rest of us were lying down in green pastures?"

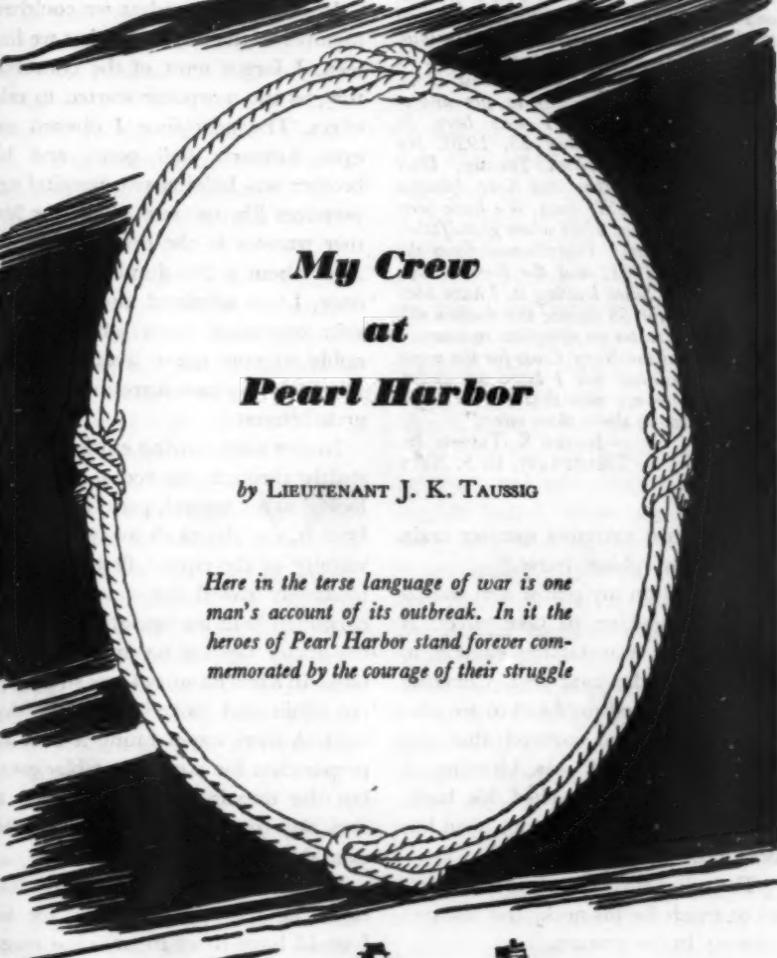
—SUSAN B. ALLEN

AFTER THE DEATH of the great composer Meyerbeer, his nephew came to Rossini and asked him to listen to a funeral march. "It is a composition of mine," he said, "in memory of my uncle."

Rossini listened patiently. Then he declared:

"This is quite nice. But to be honest, my friend, I'd much rather your uncle had written a funeral march in memory of you."

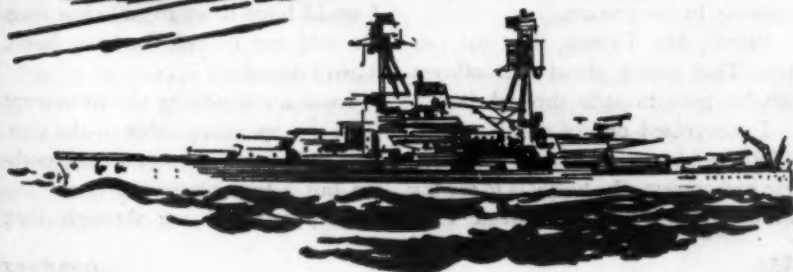
—FELIX M. L. CLEVE



My Crew
at
Pearl Harbor

by LIEUTENANT J. K. TAUSSIG

*Here in the terse language of war is one
man's account of its outbreak. In it the
heroes of Pearl Harbor stand forever com-
memorated by the courage of their struggle*



"This is not the whole story of Pearl Harbor, of course. Believe me, no one saw the whole thing. My account is a bit disjointed, and I think one must hear the wail and thud of bombs to appreciate why. My ship, the Nevada, was one of the oldest in service, but really put on the best show, being the only battleship to get underway. About myself. I was born in Newport, R. I. on May 28, 1920. My father is Vice Admiral Taussig, USN (ret). My grandfather was Rear Admiral E. D. Taussig, USN (ret). We have been solidly Navy since 1863 when grandfather entered Annapolis. I graduated from the Academy in 1941, and the Nevada was my first ship. Since leaving it, I have been hospitalized for 53 weeks; the doctors still make no estimates on complete recovery. I was awarded the Navy Cross for the usual etc. etc. business, but I have an understanding with my men that I wear it for them. It is more theirs than mine."

—JOSEPH K. TAUSSIG JR.
LIEUTENANT, U. S. NAVY

"GIVE HIM ANOTHER quarter grain of morphine, nurse."

I relaxed on my pillow and waited for the morphine to take effect. A young sailor was talking eagerly to the man in the next bed. Cheering him up. I turned my head to see who was talking, and noticed that the back of his head was bleeding. I reached out and touched his back.

"Did you know that your head has been hit?"

The sailor turned around and started to reach for his neck, and stopped midway in the gesture.

"Gosh, Mr. Taussig, they got you too. That makes about four officers who've been brought through here."

I recognized one of our Gunners' Mates, a bluejacket named Linnartz. He had come to the hospital to see his brother, Chief Gunners' Mate Lin-

nartz, the senior petty officer on my anti-aircraft battery.

We talked over what we could remember of the day, and what we had seen. I forgot most of the conversation, as the morphine started to take effect. The next time I opened my eyes, Linnartz had gone, and his brother was helping two hospital apprentices lift me onto a cart for further transfer to the operating room. After about a 20-minute wait at the door, I was admitted into the make-shift operating room which served nobly to save many lives. I looked around at my new surroundings with great interest.

Nurses were moving efficiently and swiftly through the room. A doctor looked at my wound, pried my fingers from it, cut the cloth away from the vicinity of the ripped flesh, and immediately called for a spinal. The corpsmen held me upright and I felt the doctor tapping on my spinal column. In a few minutes I was stretched out again and looked up at the sky light. A man was painting it over in preparation for a complete blackout, but the unpainted part disclosed a dark sky—probably the pall of smoke over the burning *Arizona*.

I asked the doctor to save the metal he removed from my leg so I could have it set in my class ring. He told me to hold out my hand. Then I dozed off. . . .

I was awakened by the movement from the operating table to the cart. I looked into my hand and saw nothing but a few splinters of bone.

They wheeled me through long

halls, and seemingly longer wards full of enlisted men in various stages of disrepair. Several called greetings to me and my heart sank. Did my ship really have such a large number of casualties? I felt very sick in my stomach. In the sick officer's quarters, I was taken to a room and introduced to my room-mate-to-be.

"Lieutenant Siever, this is Mr. Taussig."

I acknowledged the introduction by retching violently. Lieutenant Siever had his right leg blown off early that morning but was in the best of spirits. He smoked incessantly and asked me what it felt like to have a pin driven through my ankle. I hadn't even noticed it before.

Suddenly, machine gun fire broke the stillness of the night. I looked out and saw tracers criss-crossing in the sky, making a spiderweb of fire over the entire harbor. Had they come back? The question was too momentous for me to handle at that time. I felt myself slipping off into space. What a horrible 24 hours this had been . . .

I HAD RELIEVED the deck only 24 hours ago. The first watch was always easy. Plenty to do, with men going over to the Navy Yard to visit friends on other ships, men coming back from liberty in Honolulu.

One of the Junior Officers, returning from the ship, stopped at my desk and told me he had seen a movie on the *Helena* with a classmate. That movie was entitled *Beware the Dawn*.

I was relieved by Ensign (now

Lieutenant) Dunlap, who next day was to distinguish himself in action. But that night, he was just another tired Ensign who had the midwatch. I wasn't very sympathetic, as I was looking forward to the forenoon watch the next day.

At 0700 on December 7th, 1941, I was awakened by the quartermaster of the watch with the time honored Navy phrase, "Mr. Taussig, you've got the next watch." I yawned, swung my feet over the side and contemplated my sad fate. It was a pleasant morning, and I would have liked a game of tennis and a swim before church. But no, I had the 8-to-12 watch.

On relieving the deck, I called the log room and told them to light off another boiler, since our steaming boiler had been on for four days. I looked around the deck. Bluejackets were lining up for the liberty party. The softball team wanted a boat to Aiea Recreation Field. My messmates wanted a boat to Ford Island. To top it off, the garbage lighter was standing in to take our garbage! I straightened the boats out as best I could, and had the port crane manned. As I looked over the side of the ship, I noticed smoke pouring from the *Helena* across the Bay and chuckled a bit to myself. One of the Executive Officers who was at the Naval Academy with me was the Executive Officer of her, and I could visualize him being reprimanded for blowing tubes while the wind was wrong.

A split second later another thought flashed through my mind.

She was on fire!

I called for the boatswain's mate, but before he could come to me I saw a torpedo plane which I casually identified as a TBD flying towards the battleships. She was carrying a "fish," which mildly surprised me, but I was flabbergasted when the plane dropped the torpedo! It hit a ship in the battle line and threw an immense column of water twice as high as the mast.

Who was it—was it a mistake—what to do? A large hand caught my shoulder and Adolpho Solar, one of my boatswain's mates, who shortly thereafter gave his life for his ship, spun me around. "Mr. Taussig, they're bombing Ford Island."

I had heard many high ranking officers say that we would be attacked in this manner. "General Quarters! Bugler! Boatswain's mate!" I ran for the alarm switch and as I turned it I heard Solar pass the word in a voice developed in 16 years of service. "Man your general quarters stations on the double! This is no drill; we are being attacked by aircraft, foreign aircraft!"

NOW I REALLY had a decision to make. As officer of the deck I was responsible for the ship until properly relieved. As an anti-aircraft director officer, I had the brain needed to control my battery to fight the enemy effectively. Words spoken before a class of midshipmen three years previously by Rear Admiral Draemel flashed through my mind.

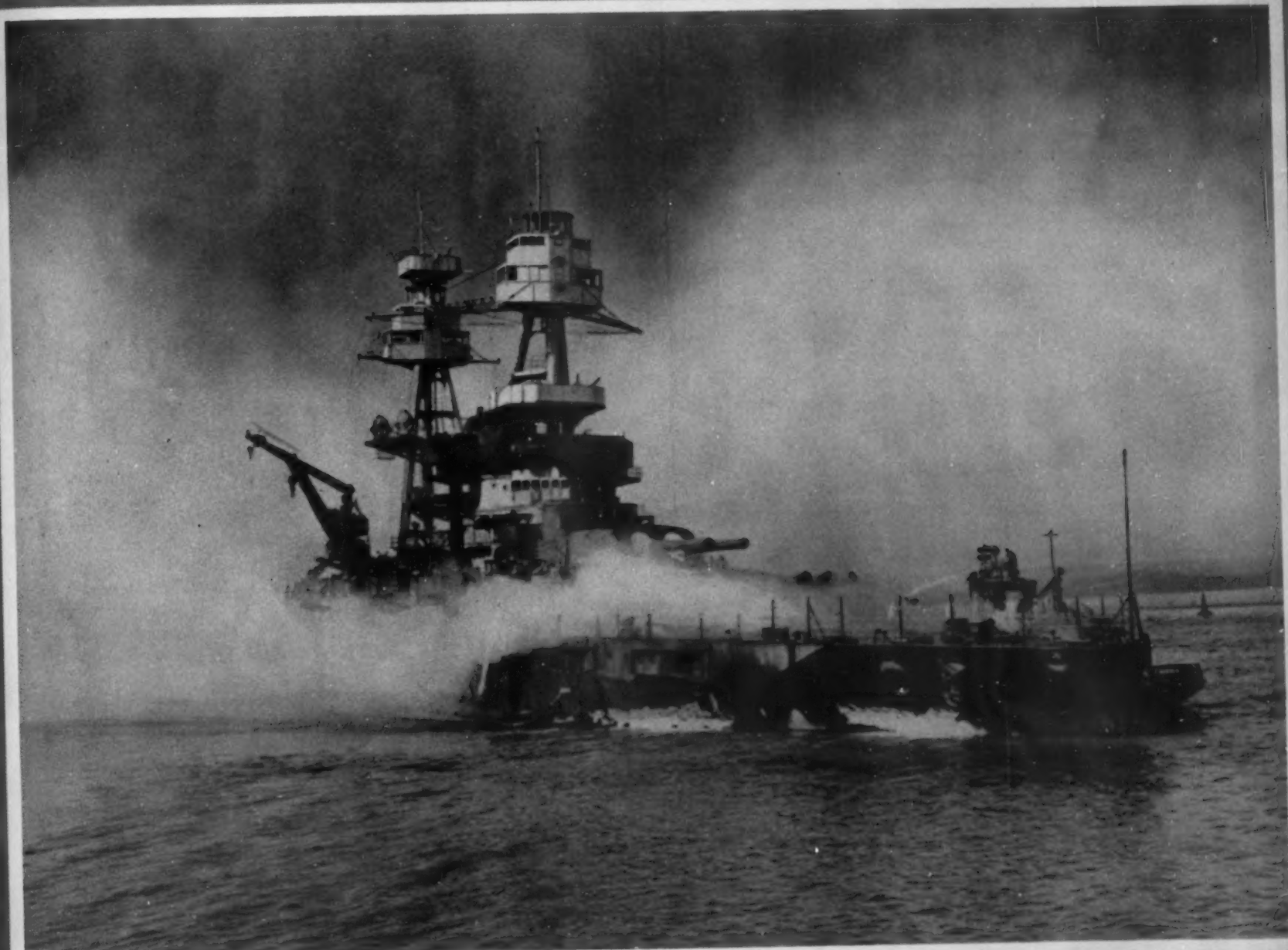
"Temper any decision you make by asking yourself this question,

'which is the better for the Navy?', and abide by that decision. You can't go very wrong."

Today, I have no recollection of formally reaching any decision. I don't remember leaving the deck and climbing the ladders to the boat deck. Or how many men were already at the guns or what preparations were being made. I remember only pulling myself into the doorway of my director and for a fleeting second wondering whether I would be scared. I wasn't, but I was excited.

Then the guns started shooting.

For some reason I thought it was amusing that I had no cotton in my ears, and then realized that it was merely the tension relaxing. I yelled out of the door for numbers 3 and 5 guns to take director control and 1 and 7 to take local. It was my own private system, which had never been used, but for the situation I thought it highly ingenious. I watched through my checksight after we picked up a plane. I made a set up, but don't know how accurate it was. However, a plane disappeared in smoke shortly afterwards, and I felt very smug. I leaned out the door to look for new planes to conquer and noticed that my director, the starboard mount, was swung over to the port side so that my guns were firing to port over the ship's structure. Silently I blessed the wide-awake individual who had the sense and presence of mind to pull the firing cutouts, which as a peace time safety precaution keeps us from firing over a 65 degree gun elevation. No sooner had I bestowed my final



ACME NEWSPICTURES, INC.

"...the Nevada finished with all her guns blazing in the manner of the queen she was!"



"... a cheer went up—he had got another plane. This time right on the nose!" —Painted especially for Coronet by John Falter

blessing than I felt a sharp blow on my leg and bottom of my foot, as if someone had hit me with a sledge hammer. Since I was holding on to the door jamb, I was not knocked down. In a storm of profanity, very inappropriate for a Sunday morning, I announced to my director crew that the so-and-sos had broken my so-and-so leg. My knee was about eight inches from my hip due to muscle contraction, but my leg simply felt as if it had gone to sleep.

Well, the war couldn't stop just because of a broken leg. So I stood on my good leg and started twisting my dials. But my director set wouldn't work. Then the director trainer handed me his telescope sight and announced that it wasn't doing him much good. It had been blown loose. What had hit us I still don't know, but my best guess is that it was a chunk of the *Arizona*. Anyhow, the news that the telescopes and director were useless must have discouraged me, for I fell out of the director, twisting so as to break my fall on my chest. My men picked me up and carried me away from the gun blasts into the fire control shack and laid me on my back on the deck.

My trousers were split from my hip to my knee and my knee was startlingly close to my hip. We ripped the trousers away from the wound and tried to put a tourniquet above the opening, but it was too high on my leg. I was bleeding freely and could think of only one thing. That pool of blood on the deck must not get much bigger or we'd be fresh out of A. A.

officers. Then I realized that I had been hit from behind! Since there was a three-inch gash in front, whatever had hit me must have gone completely through! With great reluctance I grabbed the lips of the wound and held them together. The blood oozed through my fingers, but there was no spurting.

THE LOOKOUTS WERE reporting planes right and left, but as yet I didn't know who was attacking us. The consensus was that the Germans had lent some planes to the Japanese, because the dive-bombers looked like Stukas—but then the torpedo planes looked like our TBD's. Two facsimiles of combat planes spelt only one thing. They must be the Japs.

The machine guns were reporting that the water lines had parted. The barrels were welding into the slides. No more urine to cool them.

Several of the lookouts were coming into the sky control to have a look at me. I was the only one wounded on the futtock deck. Only one man showed any emotion. He squatted down, put his face in his arms, and rocked back and forth. The head lookout reported that he could see planes all over, but none were ours. I sent the lookouts to the guns so they could replace casualties.

There were seven men left with me in the shack. Most were from my director crew, and the others were regular sky control personnel. They were all topflight bluejackets. They told me which circuits they had manned, and two of them who had

no job gave me a running account of the fight.

I asked one of the men for a cigarette and lit it. It tasted mighty good. I blew smoke rings and wondered how long this fight would last and what the results would be. Just then there was a terrific jar, and the ship lurched and listed a little to port. My port lookout didn't say anything so I decided he felt I shouldn't know what had happened. However, my cigarette was out and I knew it must have been a large bomb or a torpedo. One of the men came to me and held my head up so I could see out of the starboard door, so I figured there must be smoke to port—and that meant fire.

Rueber, the man holding my head, relit my cigarette. I had never felt more useless in my life. When I should have been directing my battery, my director was damaged and I was wounded. All my guns were on local control, and I couldn't be on deck supervising the firing. I would have liked to have taken the pointer's seat on one of the guns. I had a few pet theories I wanted to work on.

My thoughts were again shattered by a new type of gunfire. My God, the secondary battery had opened up! These guns are for torpedo defense and have a very low maximum elevation. I wondered what was up. I later learned that Ensign Dunlap, whose battle station was in the foretops, had left his station because it was obvious that the main battery would not be used, and had gone down to the secondary battery guns to un-

limber them against low flying planes that were strafing boats in the water.

My lookout reported shortly afterwards that the tail had been shot from one of the planes, and I was amazed. My goodness, there was Dunlap using a part of his Naval Academy training, which we looked upon as a purely "cultural" sport, for shooting at planes. A cheer went up; he had got another plane, this time right on the nose!

My cigarette was out again.

The secondary battery had stopped firing. A bomb must have landed in the casemates, but I wasn't going to let the men ease my feelings this time, so I asked how many guns in the A. A. battery were firing to port. The report was they all were still firing. So I asked where the last bomb had hit, and before thinking he answered, "Inboard, just about at number 4 casemate." From then on the lookouts told me everything that happened. My feelings were forgotten. I felt myself getting weaker and weaker. My right hand was a little greenish and the fingernails were turning blue. I asked for a cup of water and drank it greedily. So I was shocked. I didn't feel any different. The leg didn't hurt and except for the weakness, I was physically comfortable. I asked to have a blanket put around me.

THE LOUD SPEAKER suddenly blared. "Lay forward the anchor detail to get underway!" My heart sank. I was the officer of the deck and should get the ship underway. I reached for the ship's service phone and called the

conning tower. There were no officers in con, and Chief Quartermaster Sedberry had control. He wanted enough steam and he would do the rest.

I called the engine room and told them to secure the safety valves on the steaming boilers and was informed that it was too d—— hot back there. Upon being informed that it would be a d—— sight hotter if I got down there and they weren't secured, the engineer said he would do it. Ironically I pictured myself going down the ladders, and raising hell with the fireroom watch.

The lines were being cast off forward and we were starting to spring around on our stern lines, when Curtis handed me a piece of cotton soaked in water and said that I would need it soon. I was puzzled, but accepted it.

I was not smoking when the next bomb hit, but I heard the swish and crash as it fell. Rueber's cigarette went out this time. We were low on matches and I think somewhat more worried about running out of them than about the damage done to the ship. Bombing seems to affect men that way.

Meanwhile the *Nevada* was swinging towards the channel. We had used no tugs, and I was frankly amazed. Our clearances were very small. The *Arizona* lay 15 yards forward; 30 yards aft was shoal water. That's not much room for a battle-ship to maneuver in, but Sedberry had the old girl doing her stuff.

I soon learned the reason for the wet cotton. As we pulled alongside the *Arizona* the heat became intol-

erable. We had to close the starboard doorway to keep the flames from leaping at us.

As the door was being closed, I saw great clouds of smoke filled with small pieces of debris rising over the crippled *Arizona*. It was my biggest shock of the morning. I had many friends on the *Arizona* and I felt their fate deeply. We must have been within 30 yards of the burning ship and evidently we caught fire from her, which augmented the flames from our own bomb hits.

The ship had taken more list to port, and I mentally summed up my chances for survival. I knew the depth of the harbor and the beam of my ship. If it turned over on its side, I figured I had five feet leeway between myself and drowning. That didn't seem like much of a chance, so I scratched myself off the list and lit another cigarette.

By THIS TIME my back was beginning to get warm, and I decided we must be on fire below on the navigation bridge. My thoughts went from drowning to burning. I hadn't decided which I preferred, when the telephone rang and a voice told me that we had been ordered to run aground.

I was very upset by this intelligence, because as officer of the deck I was responsible for the ship. I could only see a general court martial staring me in the face for "running his ship upon a rock or shoal" but, when informed that the signal was mandatory, I had to give in.

No sooner had I felt the slight jolt

of grounding than I saw the paint on the bulkheads of the sky control shack start to blister. I ordered the men to abandon sky control and got no response. They were in a huddle about what to do for me. The small hatches up to sky control were too small to pass a stretcher through, so the men decided to lower me by lines tied around my chest and legs. This seemed impractical to me, so I again ordered them to leave me and save themselves. Again I received a silent negative.

They finally lifted the stretcher and started out of the port doorway, which was to windward and consequently had less fire near it. Then they got the foot of the stretcher down the hatch, where it stuck. My feet started to get warm from the fire on the bridge. Two of the men went down the starboard hatch, fought their way through the flames on the bridge, and pulled on the foot of the stretcher, while two others pushed on the top. In this manner the stretcher passed through the hatch, and I was on the burning bridge.

Fortunately we were to windward and the flames were small, but I did smell burning flesh and knew that the men were suffering. However, they carried me to the side of the bridge, where I could look down on the signal bridge and on my anti-aircraft crews. Evidently the attacks were over and the men were busy bringing the fire under control and getting rid of our live ammunition. Despite explosions and threat of explosions from the heat around the

ammunition boxes, the men were carrying the shells and throwing them over the side. Several exploded before there was a chance of getting rid of them.

The men hoisted the stretcher over the bridge railing and lowered me slowly to the boat (gun) deck. As I passed the signal bridge, I saw our signal flag bags burning, giving out a dense smoke. Four men on the gun deck got the stretcher as it came down and carried me aft to the battle dressing station. The scenes that I passed on the way there told a mute story of faithfulness to duty and devotion to a country.

WE HAD LOST 180 men in dead and wounded in a battery of 220 men. Most of these would have been saved if they had sought safety from the fire and strafing attacks, but no man left his station; and consequently the *Nevada*, which started firing with all her guns and men, finished with all her guns blazing in the manner of the queen that she was. Her men had made that sacrifice for her.

As I entered the battle dressing station, I noticed many men whose skin hung from their arms like moss from a tree. They all seemed to think their buddies were worse off and consequently should be helped. They were trying to assist the stretcher bearers with hands from which the skin had been burnt. I was shifted to a bunk.

Across from me in another tier I could see three men lying prone with terrible burns. The man on the top

bunk was recognizable only because of a small shock of blond hair which hadn't burned. He was smoking a cigarette held between burned fingers through which the bone showed. I spoke to him. He said that he figured he was pretty badly burned, but that the fellow in the bunk under him was worse off, so he had told the doctor to treat his buddy first. I saw his buddy six months later. The man in the top bunk died without changing the position that he had struggled to, to talk to me. I watched the blood from his hands put out his cigarette.

Shortly thereafter I was shifted back to my stretcher and taken up to

the fantail. There I was hoisted over the rail into a motor-whaleboat.

I progressed to the dock and was carried from there to a yard worker's car. He had made many trips that morning and his rear seat was bloody and ruined from the bleeding of his passengers. I remember taking his license number and his civilian worker button number in order to repay him for the damage done, but the morphine had started to work on me, and I promptly forgot both.

I remember nothing else after getting into his car until the doctor said, "Give him another quarter grain of morphine, nurse."



Amphibian Autos

WITH the Philippines, the Malay Peninsula and other sources no longer supplying rubber, Venezuela has become one of the most important rubber banks in the world to us. However, delivery of the rubber has been a stumbling block.

Though thousands of tons of the precious cargo have been contracted for, it's been impossible heretofore to transport it from jungle regions criss-crossed with shallow streams, falls and rivers. The prohibitive cost of building railroads and highways through this impenetrable swampland, coupled with a shortage of time, formed tantalizing obstacles.

The recent appearance of Andrew J. Higgins' water buggy on the invention horizon promises a solution to the problem. The new amphibian craft—equal-

ly at home on land and water—soon may navigate through Venezuelan jungle streams to bring much-needed rubber to the Allies.

Operated much on the principle of automobiles, the water-traveling trucks and buses need only a driver and a helper and can be mastered by beginners within a few weeks. As tank carriers and barges, they already have seen service on many battlefronts.

Water buggies may prove to be an important tool in crystallizing an Allied victory. And furthermore—but don't be too hopeful—they may even start auto wheels rolling again in the old tempo, supplying an answer to motorists' dreams. But for the present, first call on the rubber will belong to United Nations' industries.

—SIMPSON M. RITTER

It's time you knew the truth. Are you a welcome member in a barber shop quartet, or are you the guy who hits the sour note every time?



How Musical Are You?

by DORON K. ANTRIM

AT 14, ARTIE played in the school band, but the idea of becoming a professional musician had never entered his head. To decide a bet on who had the better ear, he and another player took the music measurement test one day. Artie not only won, but found that he ranked in the top three per cent for musical talent.

The tester told him that he should go places, so Artie decided to become a musician. He did. He also went places. His last name is Shaw.

You could have a potential Artie Shaw, Lily Pons or Toscanini about the house and never suspect it. In Rochester, New York, where thousands were tested, some children were spotted whose parents were totally unaware of their exceptional talent.

On the other hand, there are children like Blanche. For five years she had been forced to practice the piano daily. Yet to listen to her play was

agony to anyone but her determined mama. The test showed that Blanche had no more talent for music than a fish, and the mother was persuaded to let her stop her lessons.

Before this, finding out whether Blanche was musical or not was a hit or miss proposition. Dad bought a piano, hired a teacher and daughter was left to sink or swim. If her aptitude happened to favor the flute, she might be soured on music for life. Besides the waste of talent and time, two billion dollars is spent yearly for musical instruction. How much of this is wasted is anyone's guess.

Today you can tell if you have what it takes to be a Kreisler, or if you're destined to be just a household virtuoso. The accuracy of the musical aptitude tests has been proved repeatedly by the Eastman School of Music, which is correct four out of five times in its forecasts about students.

Thirty years ago, Professor Carl E. Seashore, Iowa University psychologist, pioneered in the development of these tests. It all started when the professor decided to call the bluff of a violinist friend who was forever boasting about his wonderful ear for music.

A test on a set of tuning forks conclusively proved his friend's claim. Dr. Seashore went on to test a class of 30 students, and discovered wide differences in pitch discrimination. Here, he thought, is a reliable index.

For two years he labored on the pitch test alone. He devised others for intensity, harmony, rhythm and memory. Yet it was not until Dr. Seashore interested the late George Eastman that he was able to test his tests. Through him, Rochester, New York became a proving ground. In 10 years time, 10 thousand people of all ages took the test.

Several interesting case histories turned up. A youngster of nine from a poor family was provided with a violin and lessons—and he is now leading a symphony orchestra. A lady of 60 with tunes running around in her head was encouraged to study composition, and she has since had several pieces published.

After the success of the Rochester experiment, the Seashore tests on a set of Victor records became standard equipment in most schools. They measure inherent aptitudes for music; either you have them or you don't. Nor do they change with the years. Retests showed that training improves only your skills, not your aptitudes.

Before you take the test given

with this article, let us examine the five tap roots of musical talent:

I PITCH. This goes further than just carrying a tune. A, to which all other notes are tuned, registers 440 vibrations a second, and a keen ear can detect differences as slight as two or three vibrations. The person who sings or plays strings, reed or brass needs a good ear, but if you can't carry a tune you can still make out on the organ or piano.

Toscanini is one of the few persons possessing absolute pitch. He hears blue notes which escape most of us and are downright agony to him. Of course you'll enjoy music more if you don't have absolute pitch, but you're a sure bet for going places musically if you do.

II INTENSITY. This measures your feeling for expression. Emotion in music is denoted by delicate gradations of loud and soft, and if your ear doesn't detect fine shadings, you miss one of music's subtleties.

III HARMONY. If you can fake a part in a barber shop quartet, you have it. Your harmonic sense tells you instinctively what combinations of tones sound good and what bad. It is more susceptible to training than the others, since tonal combinations once considered bad have a way of sounding good with usage.

IV RHYTHM. Do your feet tap to a swing tune and does it pain you when someone is out of step? If so, your rhythm sense is functioning.

Rhythm should not be confused with time. The conductor may beat a

steady 4/4 time for the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, but tap out the notes themselves and the rhythm resembles that of a galloping horse.

V MEMORY. Can you remember a tune the first time you hear it? It takes the average person from six to ten repeats. When Mozart was 12, he heard the Pope's choir sing some music which was so closely guarded that none of the players was allowed

on pain of excommunication to copy a part. Mozart went home and put down a perfect score from memory!

Few people rank high in all five aptitudes. If you're low in pitch but good in rhythm, the piano and percussions are open to you. If harmony and memory are firsts, you may be a budding composer. If you grade high, take the Seashore test. You may have a talent worth considering.

Test Yourself

Now for the test. Mark a piece of paper from 1 to 10 across the top and from I to V down the side, listing there the five aptitudes in the order given. Have a friend play the examples on the piano, naming them as played and pausing slightly between each. You are not to look at the keys. No examples should be repeated.

I Pitch. You will hear two tones differing in pitch. Your friend calls each set of two by number before playing them. If the second tone is higher, mark H; if lower, mark L.

II Intensity. The dash under the note indicates a slightly stronger emphasis to the tester. As he plays the ten sets of tones, mark the stronger of each two S, and the weaker, W.

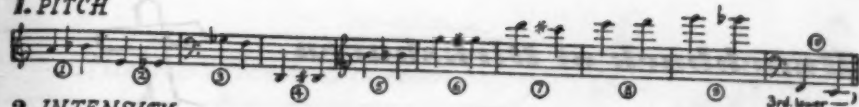
III Harmony. Tell whether the second chord of each group sounds good or bad as compared to the first, which is good. Mark G if good and B if bad.

IV Rhythm. Using a pencil, your friend taps out ten sets of rhythmic patterns. If the second is the same as the first of each set, mark S. If different, mark D.

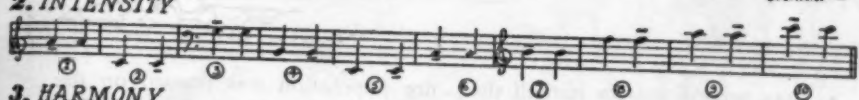
V Memory. The first version is correct in these ten sets of familiar tunes. The second has been given a different melody, key or rhythm. Mark M if the melody has been changed, K, if the key, and R if the rhythm is different.

When you finish the test, compare your answers with those on page 177. If you have exceptional musical ability you will grade around 100 per cent in each group, with a possible 80 per cent in one of the five. If average, you will get around 80 per cent and possibly lower in one group. Below 50 per cent in all of them, and you're hopeless.

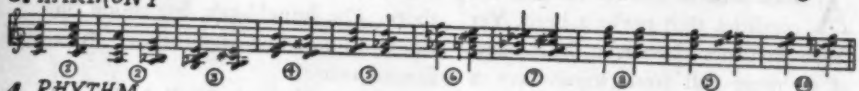
1. PITCH



2. INTENSITY



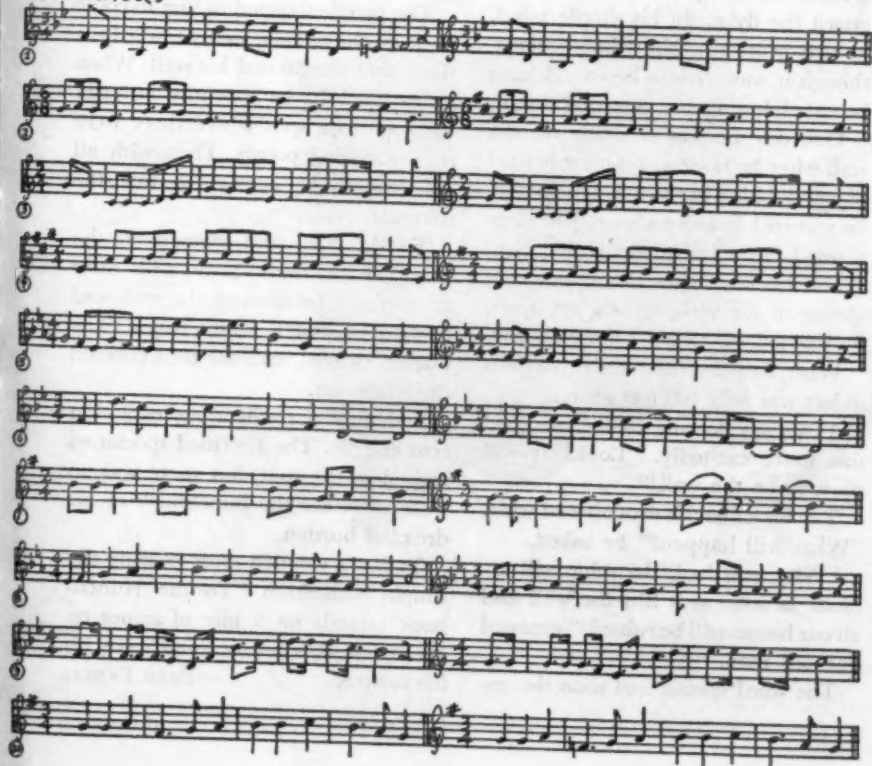
3. HARMONY



4. RHYTHM



5. MEMORY



Hunchback of Dirkshaven



A MAN SELDOM sees in himself the qualities that make a hero. Yet there are times when even the lowliest of us must call from somewhere a tremendous reserve of courage—often to do a deed which costs him his life. Such a man was the hunchback who lived in the tiny house hidden in the shadow of the sea wall of Dirkshaven.

When the Nazis invaded Holland, the cripple begged to be allowed to do something, so the officers gave him a rusty old shotgun and told him to guard the dyke. In his simple mind, he was protecting the whole village, though it was obvious he would have been helpless against any real threat.

One day he was standing on the wall when he noticed a dark spherical object bobbing in the sea. Fascinated, he watched it move closer. Just then a small boy climbed up beside him. When he saw what the hypnotized glance of the watcher was set upon, he hurried off to get some villagers.

When they returned, the mysterious object was only 100 feet away.

"That's a floating mine!" shouted one man, excitedly. "Look! It will soon strike the wall!"

The hunchback's eyes opened wide. "What will happen?" he asked.

"Why, you fool, the mine will explode as soon as it hits the wall and all our homes will be ruined!" groaned one old man.

The word spread and soon the en-

tire population was massed on the shore. The hunchback, left alone on the wall, watched the menace as it floated nearer.

To him alone the wall had been entrusted. Somehow he must meet this challenge. The men had gone for a boat, but they would be too late.

Silently, the hunchback slipped away. In his house, he tied a rope around his waist. Scrambling up the wall, he quickly removed his coat and shoes and jumped into the water.

The people shouted to him to come back, but he swam steadily toward the thing that threatened his wall. When he reached it, he carefully fastened the rope to a spot where there were no detonating points. Then with all his strength he started to tow the mine out to sea.

To the men and women on the shore, he seemed to stand still. After an eternity he cleared the wall and headed toward a sandy beach. The women prayed, and the men cheered their hero on.

Suddenly a tremendous explosion rent the air. The horrified spectators rushed to the spot, but there was no trace of either the hunchback or his dreadful burden.

Today a wooden cross bearing the simple dedication "To the Hunchback" stands on a pile of stones on the sea wall a heroic man gave his life to save.

—FRED FRISCH

Game Book Section:

A jumbo edition of games and quizzes
to test your memory and sharpen
your wits.

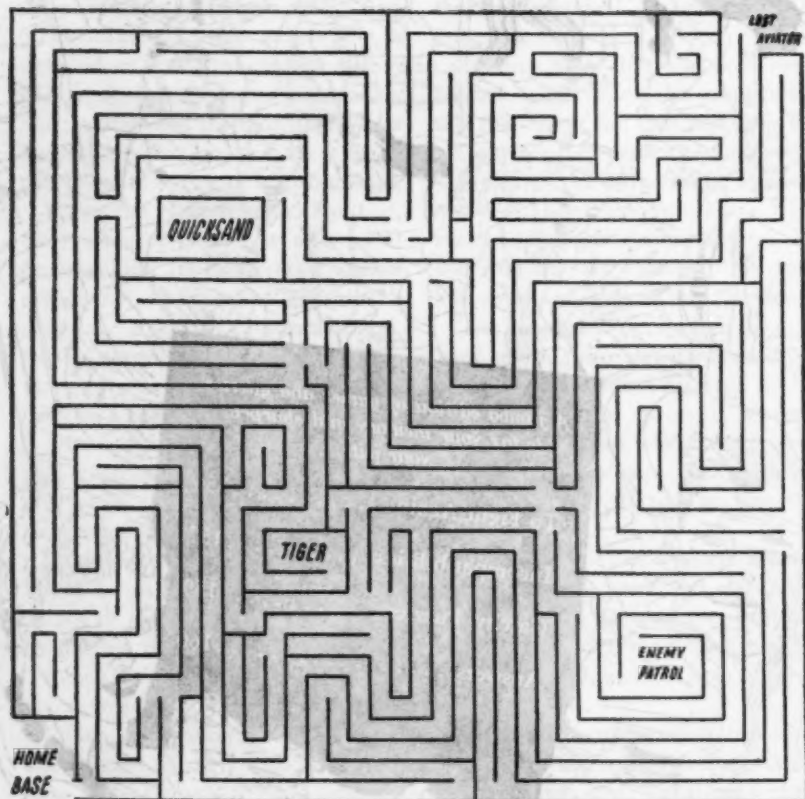
To Fight Again 150

Incompatibilities 157

Catchy Puzzles 159

Answers 160

To Fight Again



AN ALLIED aviator, forced down behind enemy lines, wishes to get back to his own base to fight again. Can you guide the flyer back to his home base? Remember, he cannot cross the danger areas enroute. You may have him retrace his steps anywhere along the way—but there is only one sure route for him to follow in this labyrinth. You will find the solution on page 160.

Unlike poker, two of a kind is a sure winner in this contest—but the crucial question is: Which two of what kind?



The Game of Incompatibilities

YOU ARE confronted in this quiz with 50 sets of bedfellows, and it is your task to eliminate one member from each set. You can do this in good conscience because the third, and unwanted, member always turns out to be an interloper—he has elbowed in where he doesn't belong.

The quiz is divided into five categories. In the first category, consisting of 10 instances of "professional" incompatibility, the answer is the name of the individual who belongs to a

different profession from that of the other two. Thus, in the first question, if Beethoven and Blucher were authors and Brahms were a baseball player, the answer would be "Brahms."

Instructions for the other four categories will be given as you go along. But remember the *answer* is always the name of the one who *doesn't* fit in with the other two. A fair score is 62 or more; 74 or over is good, and anything over 84 is excellent. Answers will be found on page 160.

1. Brahms, Blucher, Beethoven
2. Cornell, Crawford, Garbo
3. Dreiser, Bellows, Hemingway
4. Tinker, Harmon, Chance
5. Sophocles, Socrates, Aristophanes
6. Halsey, Marshall, Eisenhower
7. Queen Anne, Hepplewhite, Chippendale
8. LaFollette, McNary, Kiplinger
9. Hagen, Budge, Turnesa
10. Steig, Soglow, Hoffenstein

Geographical Incompatibility—eliminate the city that is in a different state from that of the other two:

11. Biloxi, Amarillo, Corpus Christi
12. Rahway, Joliet, Evanston
13. Fargo, Tacoma, Walla Walla
14. Elmira, Oyster Bay, Bar Harbor
15. Newport News, Murfreesboro, Chattanooga
16. Danbury, Altoona, Wilkes-Barre
17. Asheville, Nashville, Knoxville
18. New Haven, New Britain, New Bedford
19. Elkhart, Fort Wayne, Aiken
20. Topeka, Tulsa, Salina

Alimentary Incompatibility—weed out the food that is least related to the other two:

21. Winesap, Jonathan, Bartlett
22. Edam, Guava, Gruyere
23. Early June, Lima, Wax
24. Idaho, Boston, Iceberg
25. Tripe, Mussels, Sweetbreads
26. Hollandaise, Acidophilus, Worcestershire
27. Chuck, Spareribs, Porterhouse
28. Damson, Concord, Muscatel
29. Nutmeg, Cashew, Pistachio
30. Iodized, Granulated, Confectioner's

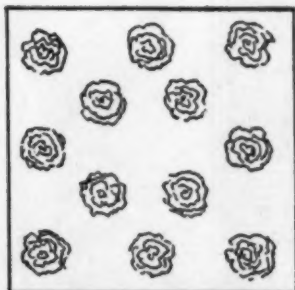
Literary Incompatibility—single out the literary work by a different author from that of the other two titles:

31. Blood and Sand, The Sun Also Rises, Death in the Afternoon
32. Ghosts, Journey's End, A Doll's House
33. Paradise Lost, Faerie Queene, L'Allegro
34. Tom Jones, Barnaby Rudge, Nicholas Nickleby
35. Lost Horizon, Random Harvest, Mrs. Miniver
36. Rain, Strange Interlude, Mourning Becomes Electra
37. Buddenbrooks, The Magic Mountain, The World's Illusion
38. Othello, The Tempest, Rasselas
39. The Gondoliers, Trial by Jury, The Chocolate Soldier
40. The Iliad, The Aeneid, The Odyssey

Animal Incompatibility—eliminate the animal that belongs to a different tribe from that of the other two:

41. Mallard, Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island Red
42. Guernsey, Poland, Hereford
43. Spitz, Maltese, Cheshire
44. Gelding, Steer, Stallion
45. Whale, Marlin, Swordfish
46. Angora, Snowshoe, Cottontail
47. Gopher, Gibbon, Lemming
48. Lemur, Kodiak, Cinnamon
49. Moccasin, Cottonmouth, Red Snapper
50. Cro-Magnon, Brontosaurus, Pithecanthropus Erectus

Can You Solve These Catchy Puzzles?



A DYING farmer called his four sons around him. "My sons," he said, "I am going to leave you my orchard, which shall be divided into four identical lots with an equal number of trees. But nothing of worth is easily gained, so you must puzzle out your own shares."

Can you divide this diagram of the orchard into four identical lots with an equal number of trees?

Answers on page 160.

Across

1. Garden vegetables
5. Is in debt
6. Trains on stilts
7. Relief or comfort

Down

1. European national
2. 90 degrees latitude
3. Rod
4. Barber's emblem

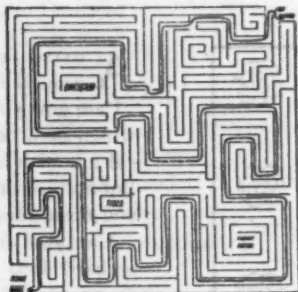
1	2	3	4
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Answers . . .

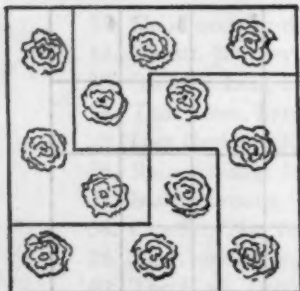
To "The Game of Incompatibilities"

- | | | | |
|-----------------|------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Blucher | 14. Bar Harbor | 27. Sparcibs | 39. The Chocolate Soldier |
| 2. Cornell | 15. Newport News | 28. Damson | 40. The Aeneid |
| 3. Bellows | 16. Danbury | 29. Nutmeg | 41. Mallard |
| 4. Harmon | 17. Asheville | 30. Iodized | 42. Poland |
| 5. Socrates | 18. New Bedford | 31. Blood and Sand | 43. Spitz |
| 6. Halsey | 19. Aiken | 32. Journey's End | 44. Steer |
| 7. Queen Anne | 20. Tulsa | 33. Faerie Queene | 45. Whale |
| 8. Kiplinger | 21. Bartlett | 34. Tom Jones | 46. Angora |
| 9. Budge | 22. Guava | 35. Mrs. Miniver | 47. Gibbon |
| 10. Hoffenstein | 23. Early June | 36. Rain | 48. Lemur |
| 11. Biloxi | 24. Idaho | 37. The World's Illusion | 49. Red Snapper |
| 12. Rahway | 25. Mussels | 38. Rasselas | 50. Brontosaurus |
| 13. Fargo | 26. Acidophilus | | |

To "To Fight Again"



To "Can You Solve These Catchy Puzzles?"



1	P	2	P	3	P	4	P
5	O	O	O	O			
6	L	L	L	L			
7	E	E	E	E			

Bookette:



MOUNT ALLEGRO

by JERRE MANGIONE

THIS IS A TALE as enchantingly gay as the characters who give it life. Hovering always on the edge of a laugh, it writes a light-hearted brief for the ways of Democracy. This Sicilian family will captivate readers everywhere . . . A condensation of the original book.

Mount Allegro

"WHEN I GROW UP, I want to be an American," Giustina said. We looked at our sister; it was something none of us had ever said.

"We're Americans right now," I said. "Miss Zimmerman says if you're born here you're an American."

"Aw, she's nuts," Joe said. He had no use for teachers. "We're Italians. If you don't believe me, ask Pop."

But my father wasn't very helpful. "Your children will be Americani. But you, my son, are half-and-half. Now stop asking me questions. You should know those things from going to school. What do you learn in school, anyway?"

One boy in school called me a lousy Siciliano. I hit him on the jaw and then, because he was taller and bigger, ran to safety. From the way he hissed the word at me, I soon realized that while being a Sicilian was a special distinction, it probably did not call for cheers and congratulations.

My father would read the newspaper accounts of murders carefully, anxious to determine, first of all, if the killer was an Italian; if so, whether he hailed from Sicily. "It is bad enough for an Italian to commit a murder, but it is far worse when a Sicilian does," he would say.

In the event the murderer turned out to be a Sicilian, my father would solemnly announce that the criminal undoubtedly came from Carrapipi, a small town in Sicily which—according to my relatives—produced nothing but a population of potential

thieves, blackmailers, and murderers. They developed a beautiful legend to substantiate this idea. The villain of the piece was a judge in Carrapipi who, in his zeal to save the state the expense of maintaining dangerous criminals in jail for many years, would send them to the United States instead of prison.

For a long time I believed everything my relatives said about Carrapipi and imagined the town to be an island cut off from civilization and inhabited wholly by desperate characters whose chief ambition was to get to Rochester and prey on the Sicilians there. It was a shock to discover a few years later that Carrapipi was a very short distance away from Girgenti, the city where most of my relatives were born, and that the people of Carrapipi considered the natives of Girgenti responsible for the bad reputation Sicilians had here. They had no legend to support their theory, but a nasty little couplet instead which they delighted in repeating every time Girgenti was mentioned: "*Girgenti, Mal' agente.*"

My father always forbade Joe and me to carry knives because of the unpleasant association they had in the public mind with Sicilians. This edict came on the heels of an episode in our lives which was of such an unpleasant nature that Joe and I were ready to do anything to prevent him from brooding over it too much. The incident involved Donna Maricchia, our Sicilian washerwoman, and her son,

by Jerre Mangione

Angelo, and it had the effect of making my father worry as to whether or not knifing was a peculiarly Sicilian expedient which had been inherited by his sons.

Donna Maricchia probably weighed less than 90 pounds, but she was an excellent washerwoman who attacked dirty clothes with the fury of a hell-cat. Constantly angry with her husband or some of her eight children, she seemed to hoard her anger during the week so that she could release it in a torrent of complaints and curses on the day she washed for us. With each curse she would give the clothes in her fists a savage twist, as though she actually had her husband or one of her children in her grasp.

One Wednesday when Donna Maricchia had come to do the weekly wash, we quarreled fiercely with Angelo. He picked up a large stone and hurled it at Joe. It struck him

just above the eye, making a deep gash which bled immediately and profusely. Donna Maricchia came running when she heard our screams. She threw up her hands in despair when she saw the blood and sprinted toward Joe. Joe mistook her despair for violence and ran around the door. My mother caught him in her arms and led him to the sink. As she washed and bandaged the wound, she talked to him quietly and soothingly until he stopped crying. But though the bleeding and tears had stopped, his feelings toward Angelo had developed to a state of determined violence.

"Mother," he said in a deadly calm voice, "please give me the kitchen knife. I'm going to get even with Angelo." That evening there was a family council centering around Joe's request for the kitchen knife. Worried that we might be acquiring criminal habits from sources about which he did not know, my father persisted with his fiery cross-examination. Because I was the elder, I got the brunt of it, despite my protests that I was not the one who had asked for the knife. He was determined to get to the source of Joe's homicidal rage, but he was even more determined to learn why he had chosen a knife as the weapon.

All through the questioning, Joe preserved the most golden of silences, while I sweated under the glare of my father's eyes. I became panicky and threw caution to the winds.

"What he was really looking for



was a hatchet," I said brightly. My father frowned and looked interested. My brother gave me a look that meant he would try to beat me up the first chance he got.

My mother said, "What in the world do you mean?"

I didn't really know, but I found myself saying: "Well, our teacher told us that Washington used a hatchet to cut down a tree. But we don't have one. I mean we don't have a hatchet. I guess we have plenty of trees," I finished lamely.

This was all my father wanted to know. Unacquainted with either the cherry tree legend or its beautiful moral, he went into an oratorical rampage and delivered a blistering tirade against the American educational system, polishing it off with his inevitable conclusion that our teachers were "making pigs" of us. We knew no manners, we had no tact, and now, by the holy God and the sainted Devil, we were being taught to revenge ourselves on people we didn't like by savagely scalping them with hatchets.

Under the fury of his castigation it would have been futile to talk to him about the father of our country. When he had exhausted himself and his repertoire of blasphemies, we all withdrew in respectful silence, quite convinced that school was undoubtedly a very bad place for us.

But the next morning my mother was screaming at us to get out of bed at once if we didn't want to be late again.

BEFORE THEY BECAME Americanized enough to learn poker, my father and three of my uncles used to play *briscola* on Sunday afternoons. It was a fine game to watch because it was played with partners, and the rules permitted the partners to signal each other throughout the playing. The more talented the players were, the more frequent and surreptitious were their signals.

You would have had to go a long way to see a signal system as complicated as the one my father and Uncle Nino used. They would tweak their noses, belch, purse their lips, scratch their heads as though they really had lice—in fact, go through any gesture, permissible or not in decent company, that would tell their partner what cards they held. The same partners always played together and were so familiar with their signal systems that they could talk about the European War or the high price of food without ever losing track of the game.

The women sat near the card table, sewing and gossiping about the women who were not present, and staring anxiously at their husbands whenever the partners abused each other for mistakes. The men often used invectives that were so loud and so vile that it seemed certain there was going to be a fight. There seldom was. The men would get exhausted after a while trying to outdo each other with blasphemies and go back to their *briscola* as though nothing had happened.

Toward sunset, when the wives got

by Jerre Mangione

hungry and tired of gossiping, they would give due notice that it was time to set the table. After a great deal of skillful procrastination, the men would play their last game and settle their accounts. This was a distinctive moment in our lives because one of the winners would be sure to give us pennies, or someone would drop a coin on the floor.

The losers would dispatch one of us to the neighboring saloon for a bucket of beer, and the women would spread a white tablecloth over the table and pile it high with fried Italian sausages, *pizza* made with cheese and tomatoes, and fried artichokes if they were in season.

There were seldom less than 15 men, women and children at those Sunday sessions; on the Sundays when it rained there would be as many as 30. It was obvious that no one else in Mount Allegro had as many relatives as I did; it was also true that no one else's relatives seemed to seek one another's company as much as mine did. Sundays or weekdays, they were as gregarious as ants but had a far more pleasant time. There were always relatives and friends present or about to arrive. And when they finally left for the night, they occasionally came back for a surprise visit which they called a *servinata*.

On these occasions they brought food, as well as their mandolins and guitars. They stood under our bedroom windows and sang gently until some member of the household awoke;

and when they saw a light go on their singing became louder and more joyous, breaking into an uproarious crescendo as the door was opened.

The explanations for the serenades were invariably the same: "There were so many stars out tonight that it seemed a pity to go to bed," or, "So-and-so couldn't get to sleep and thought you might enjoy a little music." It was unnecessary apologizing because everyone was very happy to see each other again in a couple of days, if not sooner.

Since there were never any rules against children's staying up as long as they wished, we joined these revelries. It was impossible to sleep anyway. Those with good voices sang mournful solos about love and death; the relatives with ordinary voices sang bawdy ditties that made the women giggle and the children blush.

The party was punctuated by my father's trips to the wine cellar, and his emergence with more wine and a new set of amazing puns. Every half-hour or so one of the women would dutifully remark that it was getting late, whereupon my father would shush her with the proposal for another drink and another song. Finally, even he became tired and the company would start saying good-bye. These farewells were as lingering as the death scene in an opera, and were couched in such terms of endearment that no one could possibly suspect that these same persons would be seeing each other again in a few days.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY of getting all the relatives together under one roof (except at weddings celebrated in huge halls) sometimes resulted in bitter family quarrels. Some relative would decide to take offense because he had not been invited to a family gathering and the quarrel would be on. The chances were that it would continue over a long period of months and get increasingly worse, eventually reaching the point where no one could recall the original cause of the quarrel.

But it was far less painful to see a quarrel continue than to watch the antics of some relative who would decide that God had chosen him to negotiate a peace between the two parties. This self-appointed busybody, who considered himself neutral but was thoroughly disliked by nearly everyone, operated most successfully at such important events as births, weddings, or deaths. Funerals were by far the most ideal occasions for peace negotiations. The negotiator could employ such propaganda as, "We are here today, gone tomorrow," or "The moral of living is clear. We should all be dear friends while we are still here to enjoy life. Who knows what will follow?"

If he found he was getting nowhere with such moralizing, the negotiator would approach each of the quarreling parties separately with such a speech as, "Just a few days before he died, our dear departed relative, Bonarma, told me how grieved he was to learn that you and so-and-so had not

patched up your little quarrel yet. He made me promise that I would try to bring you two together. A promise is a promise. I know you will feel better once you have embraced."

Everyone present knew that the deceased, not caring a fig whether the quarrelers made up or not, had made no such declaration. But no one in his right mind would have dared refute a quotation attributed to a dying man; that would only be tempting God. If my Aunt Giovanna was about when the peace negotiator was at work, she could always be depended on to assert that what he said was true. From the conversations she claimed to have had with dying persons, I got the impression that no one would think of dying without first discussing his problems with her.

When finally effected, a reconciliation would result in another reunion, a noisy celebration of the peace where the risk of not inviting some sensitive relative would again occur.

Most quarrels added to the zest of living. They provided a subject of conversation that was far more stimulating than the news and more diverting than the weather. And they divided my relatives into two and often three factions. The third faction ostensibly sympathized with the two who were *rifridati* (cooled) but could be counted on to sprinkle salt on the wounds to keep the quarrel alive.

As soon as there was peace, there was an overwhelming desire, on both sides, to make up for the long sepa-

by Jerre Mangione

ration. Some of the longest and finest meals I have ever eaten were the result of this.

Some of these post-war manifestations of affection took a very practical turn. My father, who was an excellent plumber, carpenter, paperhanger, cook and pastrymaker would offer his former enemy free services in any of his fields. He made the offer with great delicacy, of course, so that his motives would not appear too obvious. When visiting a relative with whom he had recently declared peace, he would casually call the host's attention to the cracks in the wallpaper or to a door that needed fixing, and volunteer to do the necessary work. In all likelihood the relative would be a mason by trade and the next time he visited our home he, in turn, would casually make some suggestions for improving the sidewalk or the driveway and offer his services.

MOST OF MY RELATIVES lived in one neighborhood, not more than five or six blocks from each other. That was about as far apart as they could live without feeling that America was a desolate and lonely place. If it could have been managed, they probably would have lived under one roof. My Uncle Luigi was the only renegade; he lived several miles away. My relatives bravely accepted that fact, explaining that, after all, Luigi was a non-conformist and a Baptist.

"Mount Allegro" was the nickname

my relatives gave the neighborhood. They liked the sound of it and, even though it was an exaggeration of the topography of the place, it served to express their affection for older neighbors like Mr. and Mrs. Michelangelo who were born in the Sicilian hill town of that name. Uncle Nino, who was sometimes a stickler for accuracy, was the only one who ever objected to the nickname. When he was feeling low he insisted the neighborhood should be known as "Purgatory," and when he was cheerful he tried to promote the name "Macaroni Town." Neither of these ever became as popular as Mount Allegro.

Scattered through Mount Allegro was the buzzing and whirring of several tailor factories. From some of them I lugged home half-finished coats and suits for my mother to sew on. "You aren't strong enough to work in a factory," the doctor had said. So my mother worked at home.

We lived near the center of the block, a few feet away from a large street light. The boys in Mount Allegro liked to gather under the light to argue and play games, regardless of the time of day or night. But we had to fight for our place under the light. A rival gang of boys living at one end of the block tried to make it their meeting place too. We fought them by day and night with stones, snowballs and fists.

Most of the neighbors who lived around the street light were well disposed toward our gang. There was

Mr. Lorenzo, who came from the same Sicilian town my mother did, and who grew the most beautiful flowers in Mount Allegro.

A few doors away lived Mr. Bernstein, an Austrian Jew, who went mad the day Austria entered the war and paced his yard every day for more than a year ranting against the Emperor Franz Joseph.

Next to him lived some distant cousins of my father, Rosario Alfano and his wife Donna Rosalia. She was a morose woman who looked much older than her years, but Rosario was one of our favorite relatives. He liked to have us call him Rosario, and when we called him Don Rosario he would pretend to wince with pain. Donna Rosalia was always dressed in mourning for some relative or other and insisted that her husband wear black neckties and black hats. He did not object, but he wore his black hats at such a rakish angle that no one would ever have suspected he was mourning.

The gang's best friends lived across the street. They were Mr. Michelangelo and Mr. Solomon, the oldest men on the street. Both of them had the admiration and respect of all the children in the block. Mr. Michelangelo may have been a little more popular because he owned a horse and wagon and was always glad to give us rides.

Mr. Solomon looked like a happy wizard. He was a giant of a man with a long white beard and he always wore the black skullcap of the Ortho-

dox Jew. We were lucky he was orthodox because on Saturday mornings he would give one of the Gentile kids (depending on whose turn it was) a nickel merely for lighting his gas jet. He could have had our unstinted admiration just for that, but in addition he was patient whenever we prattled to him. You could tell by the way he stooped down to listen that he was honestly interested in what we had to say. Mr. Solomon and Mr. Michelangelo were great friends and spent many hours together. None of us could understand this, as Mr. Michelangelo spoke no English and Mr. Solomon no Italian.

ON THE OTHER side of Mr. Michelangelo's house lived an old woman, the gang's worst enemy. Mr. Michelangelo, though he didn't know any English, often came to our rescue when we got into difficulties with her, which was almost every time we played a softball game. If we were playing anywhere near her yard, the Enemy watched us from a slit in her window shutters, which were kept closed winter and summer. The moment the ball fell over the fence into her yard, the old woman would dart out from the house with amazing speed, pick up the ball, and curse us. Mr. Michelangelo would appear, shaking his fist at her and demanding in eloquent Sicilian that the ball be returned to us.

Mr. Michelangelo's resentment

by Jerre Mangione

against the old lady rapidly gained momentum. He finally announced that he could no longer bear the sight of the Witch, and one autumn morning began to erect a brick wall between his house and hers. Every day while the wall was going up, the old lady cursed Mr. Michelangelo and threatened him with the law. But apparently there was nothing the law could do, and the wall continued to grow.

Some of the neighbors, including my father, tried to discourage Mr. Michelangelo, pointing out that he was shutting off one side of his house from sunlight. "I'll paint my side of the wall white and that will help some. I'll feel better when the wall is up," he said grimly. "I'm tired of the *Strega* and if I had to see her every day I might do something I'd regret later on. Do you know that every time I see her I lose my appetite?"

In two weeks' time the brick wall was up and painted, a strong, white monument to the old man's dislike for the old woman. The monument had the approval of all the kids in the block. We took pride in the fact that we had helped mix the mortar.

IN THE YEARS to come my father and Uncles began to play less *briscola* and more poker or *pochero*, as they pronounced it, and my Uncle Luigi shone as a *pochero* expert because he had often watched the game played at his union's headquarters. He knew what it took to make a *fulla-hausa*, a

straighto, and a *flosho* long before the others did. For a while he won the most money.

These terms were a good example of the garbled American words dressed up with Sicilian suffixes which they added to their natural Sicilian. They remained under the impression that they still spoke the same dialect they brought with them from Sicily. One of these words that I remembered particularly was *baccauso*. My parents probably picked it up from other American Sicilians when they first arrived in Rochester. It was used when referring to "toilet" and was obviously derived from the American "backhouse" that flourished in earlier and more rural America. Not only a few years ago when I first visited Italy, a nation without backhouses, and mystified Sicilians there by using the word, did I become aware of its Chic Sale derivation.

My Uncle Luigi, more than any other of my relatives, had to depend upon his smiles and charms to maintain good relations with Americans. His English was so rudimentary that it could be understood only by Sicilians. In view of his burning ambition to marry a slim widow with a fat bank account, his scant knowledge of the language proved something of a handicap. Most of the Italian widows he knew were fat and had very slim bank accounts. The few widows he met who qualified did not know a word of Italian.

There was the time he fell in love

with an Australian-born widow who lived on a 500-acre farm on the outskirts of town and was said to own seven cows. My uncle flirted with her in church for a month before she gave him a tumble. After that, she did most of the flirting and he decided it was time to carry matters a step further.

One evening he cornered me alone. "My nephew," he said gravely, "I want you to do me a brotherly favor. I will pay you well for it. Do you think you could write a passionate love letter for me?"

At the mention of pay I became thoroughly interested and assured him I could write such a letter, if he told me what he wanted to say.

He became a little impatient. "You, a young man with 11 years of life behind you, at least six of which have been squandered watching countless movies, have the gall to tell me that you don't know what to say in a love

letter? Very well, I shall describe what I want said." He paused to take a pinch of snuff.

"Her name is Belle. After I marry her I shall call her Bella. Tell Belle I love her, of course. It might be a good idea to repeat that in the letter several times. Tell her, too, that I like the country, fresh vegetables and have a great fondness for cows—I detest milk, but don't mention that. You might reminisce a bit—women like nostalgic men—and let her know that I used to milk goats in my youth and probably would have no difficulty at all with cows. Have I made myself clear?"

I wrote the letter and promptly received my first fee as a ghost writer, 25 cents. But Uncle Luigi never received a reply to the letter, and when he saw the Australian widow at church the following Sunday morning she turned crimson and lifted her nose as high as it would go.

"What in God's name did you say in that letter, squashhead?" he asked. "Why, I could almost see the froth gathering at her lips when she caught sight of me!"

I mumbled that I had only written what he had asked me to. It was not until a few years later, when I was more qualified to think of the opposite sex as such, that I realized you could not woo a lady effectively by devoting most of your first letter to a discourse on your passion for milking cows.

Uncle Luigi was not discouraged. Within a short time he was campaigning for the heart and bank account of



by Jerre Mangione

another widow. This one lived in Pennsylvania. For once she happened to be an Italian, an immigrant from Calabria, so that he was able to do his own letter writing for a change. The correspondence progressed pretty well at first. They immediately struck a topic of mutual interest: their disapproval of their children. They both had several sons and daughters and the correspondence would probably have continued in this morbid vein indefinitely if my Uncle Nino had not stepped in with a piece of advice.

The amorous sentiments of my Uncle Nino raised the correspondence to new romantic heights. One letter to which he contributed heavily had such a pronounced effect on the widow that she replied to it with a five page poem. My Uncle Luigi was so enormously pleased with what he considered his own success that he gave readings of the poem whenever he found an audience.

But when the widow began to write all her letters in poetry he became plainly disgusted. The correspondence was rapidly getting out of hand. Except for his handwriting and the postage, he was able to contribute nothing to it, and was obliged to depend entirely on my Uncle Nino. "Fancy phrases get you nowhere if they are not followed up with action. I must pay the lady a visit soon," he confided to my father.

But before he could save enough money for the train fare, he made the mistake of quarreling violently with

Uncle Nino about the merits of their respective home towns. Uncle Nino, feeling bested, got back at him by refusing to write any more poems.

Uncle Luigi tried valiantly to maintain something of the poetic quality of the correspondence, but his literary style was too primitive and quite inappropriate for anything but the bluntest declarations. Having become a devout admirer of Uncle Nino's luxuriant phrases, the widow was repulsed by Uncle Luigi's sudden lack of literary grace and insisted on interpreting his bad grammar and crude sentences as signs of growing indifference.

The more my Uncle Luigi protested, the more ungrammatical he became. Finally, she could no longer tolerate the crudeness of his letters and gave up writing to him altogether.

STRAFALARIA might sound like a peculiar disease, but among my relatives it was a powerful invective—more powerful than "hussy" or "slut"—used against any woman who either flaunted her sex brazenly or was suspected of misbehavior with men. The women liked to use the word more than men because, like most other women, they were more inclined to be severer judges of members of their own sex.

American morals bewildered my relatives. In Sicily their rules of conduct were well defined and though strict, fairly simple to follow, because

the same rules had been used for many centuries and were known to everyone in the community, even to those who broke them. Here there were many different kinds of people and, as far as they could make out, no rules that were taken seriously.

In America their women could work in the factories without being considered *strafalarii*. Men and women who were neither married, engaged or related in any way, could walk down the street together in broad daylight without anyone's thinking anything of it. Here their children picked up strange American ideas about courtship and marriage. They could marry without even consulting their parents, let alone getting their permission. A crazy land.

In my time my relatives accepted some of these strange customs without too much swearing. They consoled themselves with the thought that their children were not really responsible for such gross disrespect. Even so they could not accept everything. A line had to be drawn somewhere, and they usually drew it around their daughters.

My father's cousin, Antonio Ricotta, had five sons and one daughter, but his main worry was his daughter. Don Antonio was a born tyrant and was able to inspire fear both in his children and his wife. Apart from their tendency to marry young, his sons treated him with the respect he demanded, even to the extent of bringing him their wages in a sealed envelope.

When Cicca was 15, a college boy

in the neighborhood wrote a poem about her beauty, which was printed in a literary magazine and dedicated to her. Almost every day two or three boys would trail her from school, greedy for any crumbs of attention she might throw to them. As they neared her home the boys would fall back at a respectful distance. Don Antonio's furious temper was well known to them.

One evening when Don Antonio had gone out to play cards, Cicca told her mother she had an appointment with her girl friend Tina to study for an algebra examination. Mrs. Ricotta, who was nothing like her husband, believed her and gave her permission to spend the evening at Tina's house, with the understanding that she would come home early, before her father did.

Unfortunately, Don Antonio returned sooner than expected. When Cicca had not appeared at 11 o'clock, Don Antonio went out to look for her. Mrs. Ricotta, fearing the worst, went to her room and began praying before the statue of the Virgin Mary. In the meantime, Don Antonio stationed himself at the street corner near the trolley stop, hiding himself in the darkness of a doorway.

About 11:30 he spotted Cicca with a boy getting out of a streetcar. He waited until they rounded the corner into a more dimly lit street and, as they hovered in the shadow of a tree kissing each other good night, he pounced on them. Holding Cicca fast

by Jerre Mangione

with one hand, he got a stranglehold on the boy's head and bit off a piece of his ear. Then releasing the screaming boy, he dragged Cicca off. Frightened and trembling, she blubbered all the way home: "Honest, Pa! We didn't do anything. We only went to the movies . . ."

The gory detail of the bitten ear came to light two days later when the boy's father had Don Antonio arrested on a charge of assault and battery. The judge fined Don Antonio 100 dollars and ordered him to pay the boy's doctors' bills. The only reason he did not send him to jail was because of Don Antonio's advanced age and the indigestion attack he had while he was in the court. But, what was more shameful to my relatives, all the newspapers in town carried sardonic accounts of the episode under such headlines as "Man Bites Ear."

IN THE SPHERE OF CRIME, my relatives were a distinct disappointment. From the newspapers one gathered that Sicilians in general had a passion for murder and blackmail, but my relatives did little to uphold that reputation.

Unless I perverted the facts, there was no point in bragging about the only murder in our family, for it concerned an uncle who might still be alive if he had not had a strong sense of responsibility. He was killed at a party when he tried to stop a fight between two drunken guests.

Another relative who got into trouble was Uncle Nino. But since he, too, was the victim of the crime, there was nothing for me to brag about.

When the robbery took place, my uncle was earning some money by selling jewelry to Sicilians in Rochester. He kept his stock in the living-room of his home.

One morning, my Uncle Nino heard a loud knocking on the kitchen door. He got out of bed and put on his robe. Without unlatching the door, he shouted, "Who is it?"

"'Tis a friend. *Ce permisso?*" The voice was familiar; the accents were Sicilian. Uncle Nino unlocked the door and opened it. As he did so, two men pushed their way through, drawing revolvers out of their coat pockets. They had white handkerchiefs tied over their faces. They opened the safe and emptied all the jewel trays into a burlap bag.

Nearly ten minutes passed before my Uncle Nino was sufficiently recovered from his fright to start calling for help. At first his shouting was weak, but soon he had full control of his vocal cords, and he used them so effectively that four neighbors came running from several directions. Except for Mr. Kaplan, the neighbors were all Sicilians. While one of them undid the cords that held my uncle to the chair, Mr. Kaplan took it upon himself to call the police.

Uncle Nino was aghast when he learned that the police had been

summoned. Like many of my relatives, he had no confidence in the law and he felt certain that once the police entered the picture his chances for recovering the jewelry would disappear. When the officers arrived, he was vague and unwilling to guess at the identity of the robbers.

The police immediately reached the wrong conclusions and, when the newspapers broke the story that evening, they broadly hinted that Uncle Nino himself had plotted the robbery in order to collect insurance money. If they had checked the facts they would have learned that he had no insurance at all. The robbery had wiped him out completely.

After his interview with the police, Uncle Nino called on a *paesano* reputed to be powerful in the Rochester underworld and gave him the full details of the robbery, including the name of the gunman who had done the talking and a full description of his accomplice. The *paesano*, like my relatives, was shocked to hear the name of the thief, knowing that he had been a frequent guest at my Uncle Nino's table.

The *paesano* promised to investigate the case among his colleagues and salvage as much of the jewelry as possible. "They had no business robbing you," the *paesano* said. "Everyone knows you are a man deserving of the highest respect. Give me three days to see what I can do."

But the *paesano* could do nothing, as powerful as he was. The police

and newspaper publicity had ruined everything, he said. "When the men who stole your goods saw the newspaper story, they became frightened and left for Sicily."

My Uncle Nino's interview with the underworld *paesano* surprised no one but me. My relatives agreed that he had done the wise thing and that if the police and newspapers had not meddled with the case, he would undoubtedly have retrieved the stolen goods. My Uncle Luigi told of several instances where Sicilians "as deserving of respect" as Uncle Nino had not only recovered stolen goods but also enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing that the robbers had been punished for the crime by their own underworld colleagues. In none of these instances, of course, had the police been summoned.

I gathered that this had been a fairly common practice in Sicily. As long as a Sicilian enjoyed the "respect" of his community and was not offensively rich, he could be fairly certain of being left alone by any local gang of lawbreakers. If they annoyed him in any manner, he could feel free to call on their leaders and insist on his right to be "respected." If it happened that the crime had been committed by one of the leader's own men with his approval, he washed his hands of the matter by blaming it on some out-of-town gang. In any case the leader was usually courteous and sympathetic since he too wanted to be "respected" by the others.

by Jerre Mangione

EVERY YEAR on the Saturday before Easter, while the saints in church were still draped with purple mourning from head to foot, my mother armed us with mops, sticks and brooms and led us in a surprise and violent attack on the Devil to drive him from our house.

None of us could see the Devil, but we had her solemn word that he was lurking in some corner or under one of the beds. While we covered the house from top to bottom, jabbing viciously in every corner and under every bed, we yelled out the battle cry, "*Fuora Diavolo, trasi Maria!*" This was an invitation for the Devil to leave and the Virgin Mary to enter.

If you happened to jab in the right place and shout the battle cry as you jabbed, the Devil was bound to slink away with his tail between his legs. The moment that happened, the Virgin Mary would enter in a blaze of glory and spread enough peace and goodwill around to last the Amoro family another year.

My mother managed the battle like a general who cannot afford to lose. We were each assigned a specific area to cover and ordered not to spend too much time on one corner, since the Devil might become accustomed to the blows you gave him and become your friend.

When the battle finally had died down, my mother carefully doused every corner of the house with holy water, on the theory that if our attack had not succeeded in driving out the

Devil, the holy water would certainly do the trick.

But the Devil, like God, seemed to be everywhere. Mount Allegro was said to be populated with agents of the Devil whose destiny it was to carry out his evil wishes. These agents could cause disease or some other kind of bad luck by simply looking a person in the eye. Many a poor Sicilian had lost his job that way.

The best way of protecting yourself from the Devil was to carry a pointed amulet, preferably a horn, so that you could grasp it when someone with the evil eye looked at you. If you did not have the amulet, then the next best thing you could do was to form your hand in the shape of two horns. Making the sign of the cross would give you the same protection, but the trouble with that was that it was too



obvious. It might offend the person with the *mal'occhio*.

Those conveyors of ill fortune were not always willing agents of the Devil. They had to be treated with all the civility accorded an ordinary human being. It was bad manners to cause them embarrassment. Often they were persons who had every desire to lead a quiet respectable life but, having been selected at birth by the Devil to do his dirty work, there was nothing they could do about it.

Persons who had the *mal'occhio* were said to be marked with certain physical features that distinguished them from ordinary human beings. They usually had a cadaverous and olive-skinned face, and their eyebrows came together in an unbroken line.

For a while I was worried because my face was cadaverous and olive-skinned, and I was afraid of looking people I liked straight in the eye for fear of causing them some disaster. But when I confessed my worries to Mr. Michelangelo, who was an expert in such matters, he assured me that my soul belonged to God and that I was quite incapable of causing anyone evil because my eyebrows did not come together.

It was impossible to get any real information on subjects of this kind from my parents or uncles. When I asked them about such things as *mal'occhio* and *tettatura* (curse), they laughed at my seriousness and claimed that those were fantastic notions that grew only in the minds of ignorant Sicilians.

My Uncle Nino, who never missed a chance to expound his theories, added that notions of that sort were the natural result of primitive thinking. "The Sicilians who believe in that kind of thing were probably *cafoni* in the old country who never went to school. If such a thing as an *iettatura* were possible, my little turnip, do you think we could have as many wicked people in the world today?"

Uncle Nino liked to answer his own questions. "No, of course not," he said. "All you would have to do would be to pay someone with a particularly powerful *mal'occhio* to give the wicked a sickness from which they would never recover. Ninety per cent of the world's ills could be wiped out by getting rid of the top men at the bottom of them."

Despite such learned enlightenment, a pair of locked horns to drive away the evil spirits hung over the doorway of Uncle Nino's home, as well as our own. And when my mother or aunt dropped anything, she chanted: "*San Gerlando, Senza dannu.*"

If it was a fork, she was positive someone was gossiping about her or some other member of her family, and if it was a knife that fell, it was a sign that someone was about to call.

Whoever the caller was, he could not enter the house without passing underneath the locked horns over the doorway, thereby losing whatever evil he might be trying to smuggle in.

My mother believed implicitly in the power of the horns and dusted

by Jerre Mangione

them as regularly as she dusted the crucifix in her bedroom. Uncle Nino and Aunt Giovanna, on the other hand, each disclaimed responsibility for the horns over their doorway. In spite of my aunt's zeal for cleanliness, they were never dusted. My uncle claimed that the horns were placed over the doorway on my aunt's insistence, while my aunt swore by the memory of her saintly mother that it was he who had ordered them placed there. Whoever it was, they remained there through the years, grimy symbols of a past that still clung to them.



AT EIGHTEEN I left my Sicilian relatives and, separated though I was from them, my bond with them grew stronger through the years. The older I became, the more I appreciated them, the less desire I had to cut myself off from them. The memory of my life in Rochester gave me a *root* feeling, a sense of the past which I seemed to need to make the present more bearable. I found myself admiring my relatives for some of the same qualities I had once disliked, and wishing I could share their warm and easy acceptance of life.

Answers to "How Musical Are You?"

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
I	PITCH	H	L	L	H	L	H	L	H	L	L
II	INTENSITY	W	S	W	S	S	W	W	S	S	W
III	HARMONY	G	B	G	G	G	B	G	G	B	G
IV	RHYTHM	S	D	D	D	S	D	D	S	S	S
V	MEMORY	M	K	M	K	R	R	R	R	K	M

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January Round Table Roundup

We've been literally snowed under with the deluge of letters that have come in on the fourth Coronet Round Table. The final count showed "Should Prisoners Be Released To Fight?" got three times the response any previous question has had.

The great weight of opinion—83 per cent—was for unlocking the tremendous reserve of manpower in our prisons. Convicts who want to get in to the fight, you said, should have a chance to right their debt to society.

Those of you who put your foot down on releasing prisoners argued that criminals would endanger the morale of any fighting unit and burden the disciplinary forces with continual relapses to their former ways.

Their place is in the production line, the "no" letters said, and not in the uniform associated with honor.

However, the majority believed that fighting men are our most crying need, and that prisoners would have those very qualities of daring and disregard for their own safety which make the best soldiers.

WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR JANUARY

For the best letters on the question, "Should Prisoners Be Released To Fight?" first prize of \$25 has been awarded to K. M. Hopkins, Jackson, Michigan; second prize of \$15 to Corporal Saul Gottlieb, Camp Myles Standish, Massachusetts, third prize of \$5 to Eugene Kronenthal, Chillicothe, Ohio.

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The Coronet Round Table

Should Teen-Agers Be Allowed To Vote?

A personal opinion by John Kieran, the walking, talking encyclopedia of "Information, Please," former sports editor of the New York Times, author of the syndicated newspaper column "One Small Voice"

WHAT'S WRONG all of a sudden with the age of 21 as the dividing line for voters? Because "men who are old enough to fight are old enough to vote"? Nonsense!

One function is physical and the other mental. If we're going to make ability to fight the prerequisite for voting, let's disfranchise men like Stimson and Hull who are too old for the Army. You



need an arbitrary dividing point somewhere, and I'd say the one we have is as good as any.

If any change at all is made it should be in favor of women, since they mature earlier than men. Personally, though, I'd let matters stand on that score and see what we can do about tossing every citizen who *can* vote and doesn't into the clink for 24 hours.

Do you agree or disagree? Prizes for the best letters!

Bills to lower the voting age from 21 to 18 have already been introduced in both the New York and New Jersey state legislatures. Congress has been asked to endorse such state legislation. John Kieran's is only one opinion on the subject. The pros hold that if a man is willing and able to assume responsibilities of life-and-death importance in fighting for his country, he is entitled to a voice in his government. What is your personal opinion? For the best letter we will pay \$25. For the second best, \$15. Third best, \$5. Letters must not exceed 200 words. April 25th is the deadline.

SUGGEST A ROUND TABLE YOURSELF!

Five dollars will be paid for every idea which we use. Mail entries to Coronet Round Table, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



Carlos P. Romulo (p. 71)



Alvin Steinkopf (p. 55)



Jerre Mangione (p. 161)



Ruth Moore (p. 45)

Between These Covers

... Colonel Carlos P. Romulo, confidential adviser to General MacArthur and Pulitzer Prize winner, eye-witnessed the fall of Bataan and has just written a book about it . . . Fourteen hundred newspapers have headlined and by-lined the dispatches of Alvin Steinkopf as European bureau chief for the Associated Press . . . Jerre Mangione once ghosted love-letters for relatives in love with women who didn't know Italian. In *Mount Allegro* he writes about them with rollicking affection . . . Ruth Moore's varied career of letters even includes a stint as a food editor.



